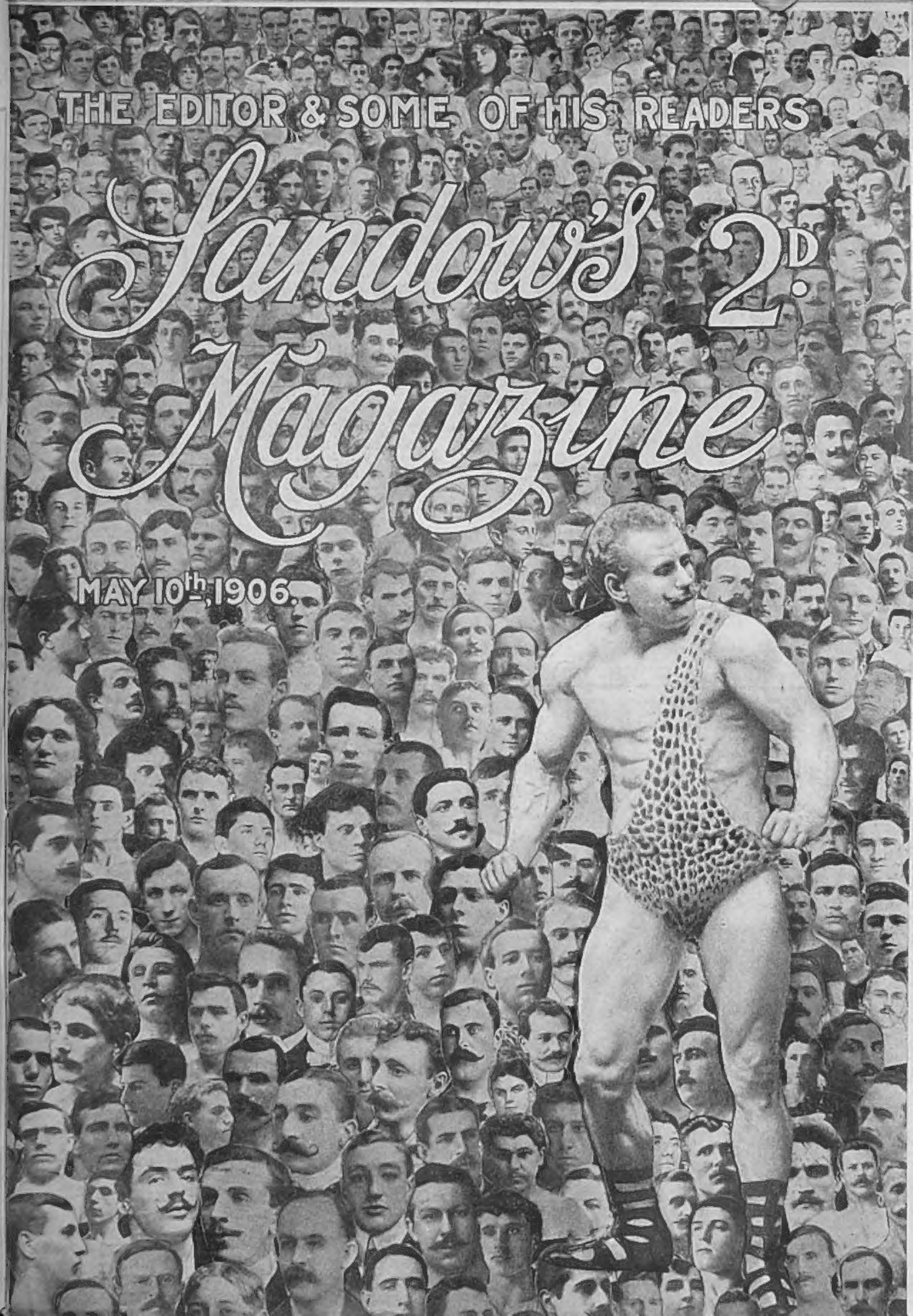
THE EDITOR & SOME OF HIS READERS

Sandow's 2D Magazine

MAY 10th, 1906.



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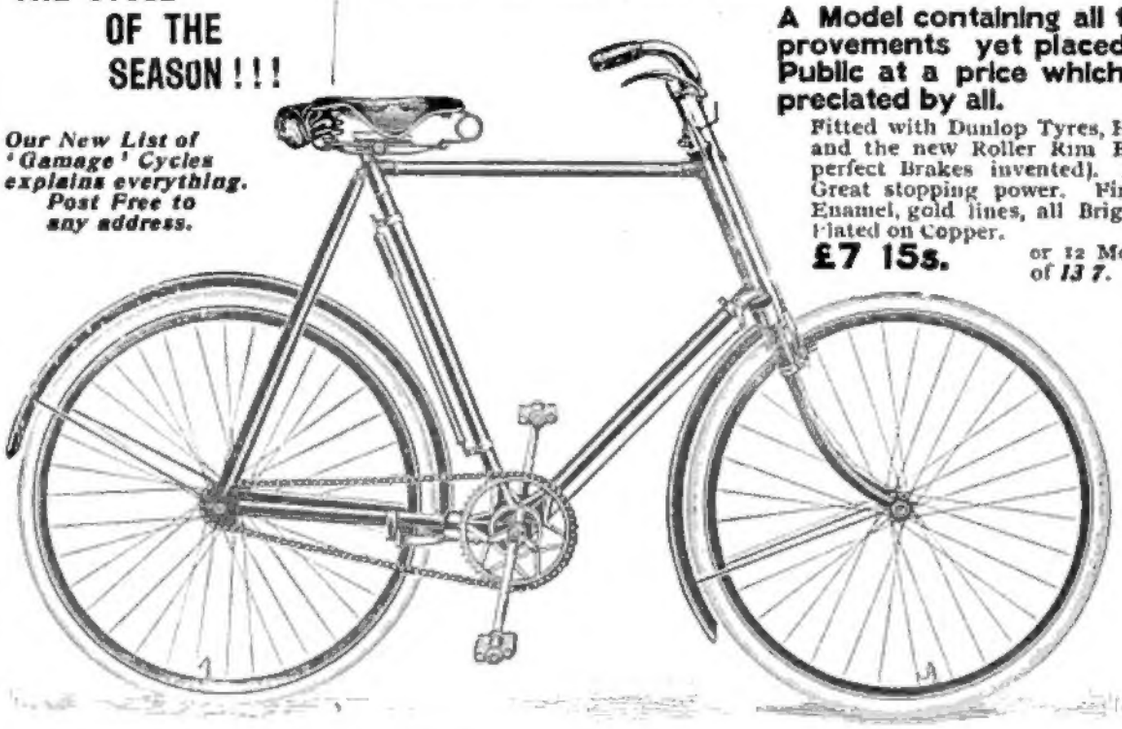

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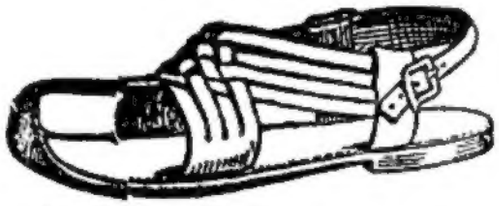

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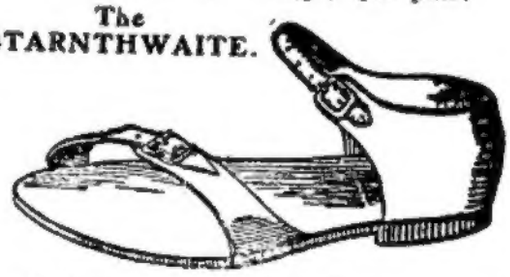

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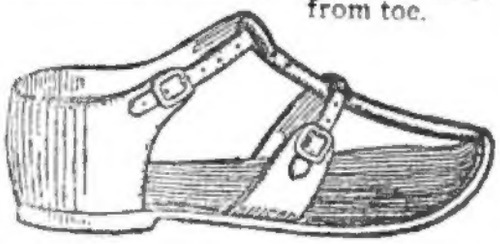

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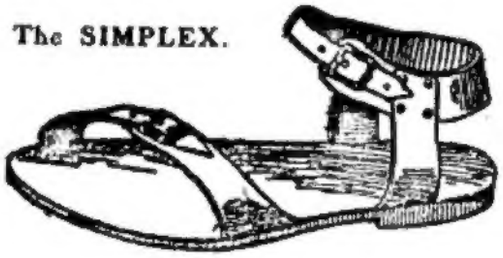

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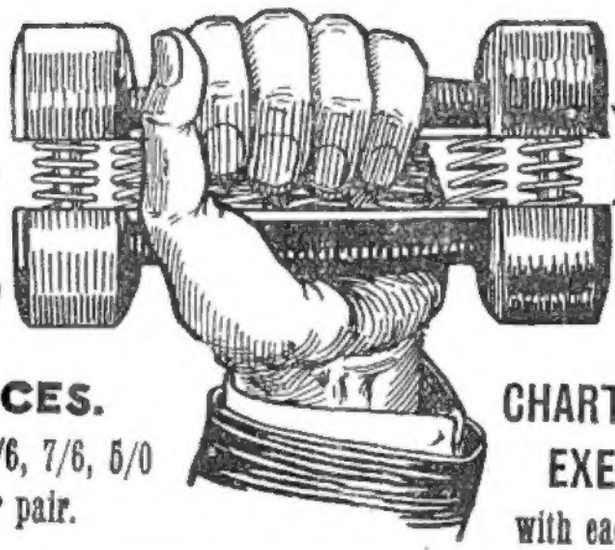

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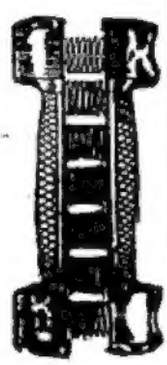

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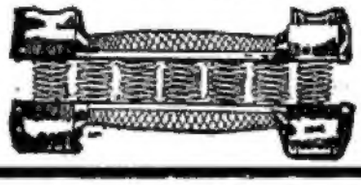

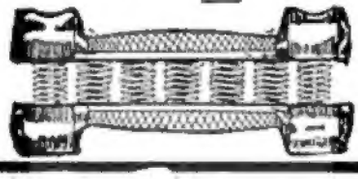

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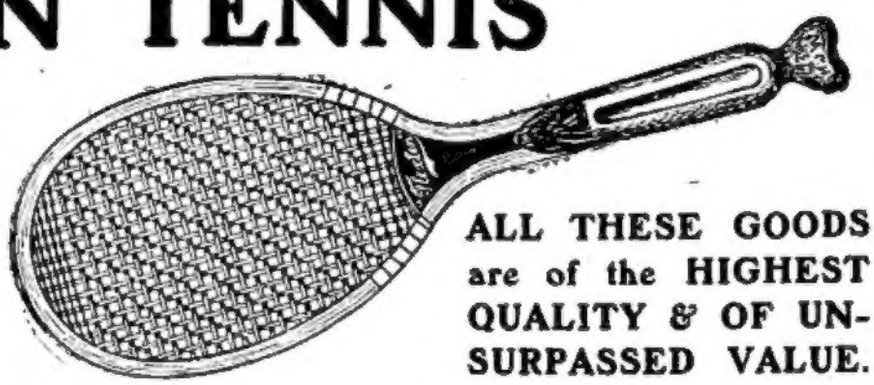

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(Est. 1898). VOL. XVI.
No. 19.

MAY 10, 1906.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

... OF ...

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

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Assistant Editor: FRANK PINK.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

I have said over and over again in these columns that right at the very base—the foundation-stone itself—of physical regeneration, is the necessity of healthily housing the working classes. Everywhere, I am glad to say, there are signs that in the near future the unhygienic houses and the insanitary slums, in which the toilers of the city are so often packed away like sardines, will soon be unknown. But, I am quite convinced that the radical solution of the difficulty is to endeavour, as far as possible, to remove the works from town to country districts, and thus bring the workers out of the reek and din and stench of the city to the sweet-smelling lanes of the country.

o——o

The cry "back to the land" is all very well so far as it goes, but it must be remembered that thousands of those engaged in factories, manufactories, warehouses, and workshops, of all sorts and conditions, have, by long years of enervating environment and specialised training, been rendered totally useless as agricultural workers. The attempts that were made some years ago to find agricultural employment for out-of-work clerks proved a disastrous experiment, for not one in a score of those who found such work was economically worth his salt to the farmer who engaged him.

o——o

From a social, economic, and industrial standpoint, the transference of large business establishments to the country is advisable. The workers improve physically and mentally, they give better working results to their employers, and, provided care is chosen to select places with good transit facilities, the firm itself is better situated to compete against its rivals. Sites in the country are cheaper: there are no "ancient lights" troubles, the cost of lighting is reduced, and the standard of wages is lower. The experiment has been justified by Mr. Cadbury, at Bournville, and Mr. Walter Hazell, the

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chairman of one of the pioneer firms which saw the wisdom of removing their works from London to the country. The latter gentleman recently gave his firm's experiences to the London Chamber of Commerce in a highly interesting and instructive address.

o——o

I refer to the subject again because a correspondent has been twitting me with dealing with political matters in these columns. I am no politician of the party type, but I am intensely interested in all legislation conceived and designed to improve the nation mentally and physically. I care not whether it is a Conservative, a Liberal, a Radical, a Socialist, or a Labour member of Parliament who brings in a measure to prevent cigarette smoking among youths, or to restrict the supplying of alcohol to men and women, or to see that a child's stomach is filled before its brain, or to ensure that every house is built on sanitary principles, or to compel the medical inspection of school-children, he shall have my hearty and continuous support. These are not party but national — yes, international — problems. They are at the bottom of physical regeneration, and I should like to see a "physical welfare" party sitting in the House of Commons.

o——o

I do not wish to see physical culture associated merely with enormous muscles, with great feats of strength, with dumb-bells and bar-bells, with wrestling and boxing. My idea of physical culture embraces everything that appertains to the building-up of a people—strong, strenuous, able to enjoy a healthy, virile, and useful existence. The negative side of my programme includes such degenerative habits as smoking, drinking, gambling. These are deteriorating practices to be strongly condemned. The affirmative side of my programme includes such gymnasium-removed subjects as the housing of the people, the feeding of poor school-children, the strictest supervision and regulation of child-labour, the limitation of hours of labour, the abolition of the living-in system, every sociological change, in fact, whose introduction will lead to the vigour and endurance of mind and body. In short, my "politics" may be summed up in the word "efficiency."

o——o

For instance, the article which appears in this issue dealing with the treatment of little children whom the hospital authorities discharge from time to time as "incurables" may not in the eyes of the narrow-minded come within the scope of a magazine supposed to deal with health and strength. To my mind, the splendid work of Miss Hawthorn is one of the most admirable phases of physical welfare work. Some people seem to imagine that my only desire is to make weak men strong and strong men stronger. That, I admit, is the part of the work with which my name is most generally associated, but I by no means wish to see it restricted to those circumscribed limits. I want the circle to be much larger than that, and if Miss Hawthorn only saves one little paralytic out of a hundred, and gives it back to the world a healthy, sturdy infant, she has done a noble part in the world's welfare work. A magazine of physical culture, in my opinion, should deal with the "unfit" as well as the "fit," and help every movement tending to convert the former to the enviable state of the latter.

o——o

My reason for pointing out my editorial idea in this matter is because a friend to whom I showed an early proof of the article referred to, asked me in quite a surprised tone, "But what has that got to do with physical culture?" I naturally thought to myself that some of my readers might hold a similar opinion, and so, after convincing my friend of his short-sightedness on the matter, I sat down to write these notes with the object of convincing any of my readers who might also suffer from this mental myopia.

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CURING BABY "INCURABLES."

What Kindness, Tact, Massage and Exercise can Accomplish.

BY

J. St. A. JEWELL.

Photo by Miss Hawthorn

SOME OF MISS HAWTHORN'S PETS

ARE all the cases labelled by the hospitals as "Incurable" really incurable? Think it out. If you are one of the huge majority to whom a medical man's opinion is fact—hard unalterable fact—you will wonder why I have the temerity to raise the question. The following pages will show; but in addition I offer an explanation at once as to why many, many cases that have had hospital attention *are* marked "incurable."

Briefly, then, it may be said that when a case is admitted, hospital doctors hope to effect a cure within a reasonable time, and if they fail to do so and the patient gets no better and no worse, from the hospital point of view a bed is being occupied to no good purpose. If the patient cannot be made to progress, and if also he or she refuses to get worse, the voices of the many who clamour for admission at all times become imperative, with the result that the no-better-no-worse case is sent out to make room for another who shows every indication of responding to treatment.

After being in several hospitals, the poor, no-better-no-worse patients leave, bearing the dread label "Incurable." The pity of it is that nine out of ten people look at it as if it were a duly signed and sealed death warrant, and advise the bearer to wait patiently for the end.

There are others who don't, but who work in unorthodox ways to bring about that improvement that the hospitals failed to produce, and Miss Edith Hawthorn, the founder and Principal of The Tiny Tim Guild, is one of them.

She is to-day carrying on a most noble work, a work that may be justly called curing the incurables. Moreover, it is a work that is being carried out humbly and quietly, a work which has behind it no big funds and influence, but goes on unostentatiously, guided by the hands of pity and love.

Let me put on record the romantic story of its inception. Miss Hawthorn once owned a large white cockatoo called "Cocky Spry," who fell upon evil times. The day came when he huddled against

the bars of his cage the picture of misery and dejection. His right leg was terribly swollen and inflamed, and he suffered untold pain. Miss Hawthorn has many medical friends, and to them, on behalf of Cocky Spry, she appealed for help. To correctly diagnose the case, an examination was necessary, and for the moment this seemed out of the question, in that handling a big, strong-beaked bird in pain was deliberately asking for trouble. He, too, was about to be labelled "incurable."

One day, however, Cocky Spry was swathed in a blanket, and through one of its folds the tortured limb was drawn for inspection. "Had he been a human being," said the doctor, kindly, "I should diagnose it as synovitis, and recommend massage."

Photo by Miss Hawthorn.

ONE OF THE "TINY TIMS," AND THE TINY TIMS' GLORIOUS DOLL.

And, accordingly, every day for six weeks afterwards poor Cocky Spry's leg was massaged. At the end of that time he was quite recovered—perfectly well, in fact—and as proof of his condition, look at his photo. that helps to illustrate this article, which was taken after the massage course was completed.

At the time this cure was effected, Miss Hawthorn was interested in nursing, and was in the habit of visiting the children's hospital a good deal. Like all who know the Song of the Wards, she was acquainted with many Tiny Tims, and knew that before each one lay a life in which usefulness was not a big factor. And as she pondered over the dark TO BE of the poor and helpless little children, the story of Cocky Spry got tangled up in her thoughts of them.

The crippled limbs of the poor little humans, cheek by jowl with the swollen and inflamed leg of the bird pet! And then massage, and gentle movements—the striker that brought forth the first hopeful note from the bell of ideas.

It reads like the story of Hamyak and the wounded leopard, only Miss Hawthorn and Cocky Spry live to-day, whilst Hamyak died a thousand years ago.

With women of Miss Hawthorn's type, thoughts of sympathetic action take definite shape quickly. Her's did, and it reached its logical conclusion in the adoption of a Tiny Tim as a patient. Tiny Tim in this case was a poor little girl of six years of age, who had undergone six operations in hospital, and had then gone back to her parents bearing the dread label "Incurable."

With bodily infirmity the child's mental state had also deteriorated, so that a dual task presented itself. Miss Hawthorn soon succeeded in arousing the child's interest by handling pretty bright objects, and so began the mental side of the cure. The mind that had lain dormant under the crushing blow of bodily suffering began to expand under the cunning influence of the new doctor. After, gentle hands massaged the poor misshapen, unmovable limbs, coaxing them back to usefulness and gentle movements. As time went on good results showed abundantly, and now there is every hope that this

poor little girl will be able to fill a place of use in the world.

The fame of a cure-worker soon spreads. Miss Hawthorn's did. There came to her other patients bearing the dread label, and at her own expense, and out of the goodness of her heart, she accepted them, treated them, and in each and every case great benefit resulted from her gentle treatment.

In each case her first task is to gain the child's confidence, to show that she may be regarded as a friend. This is not always easy of accomplishment, but she seems to possess that rare sympathetic manner that instinctively appeals to little children. Once she has gained the child's confidence, she devises various means for awakening interest, and always succeeds. There are no stereotyped methods—each child is made a separate study, each one constitutes a new problem. Afterwards, there comes the magic massage, performed mostly when playing with the little patient, and this in due turn is followed by physical exercise disguised as a game.

It is this adaptation of treatment, both to the character of each child and its disease, that is the secret of her success.

If a paralysed limb has to move, its little owner is coaxed to move it. No cruel hand forces it, causing pain and breeding distrust in the little patient's mind. Miss Hawthorn plans it all out with wondrous ingenuity, somewhat in this wise :—

Tiny Tina has a paralysed arm that is always more or less glued to her side. She likewise has a most inordinate longing for a big doll that forms part of Miss Hawthorn's "apparatus." This big doll is placed on the back of a toy horse, and little Tota is told that she may have it to play with if she can reach it down with the paralysed arm. It requires but little thought to picture Tiny Tina struggling to reach that doll with the poor withered arm—the arm that had been useless. She forgets all about her infirmity and all else saving only that glorious doll in front of her. Unconsciously the poor arm moves out to grasp it, the arm that had never moved before. It is repeated time after time, day after day, week after week; and as time passes, the movement grows and grows, and, helped by massage, the limb that was once useless is restored to usefulness.

It is coaxing pure and simple, but it is coaxing reduced to a fine art. Further, note the effect that must be produced in the child's mind by treatment of this description. Each visit is always connected with dolls that are dear to the child's heart, with play, and pleasantry in which pain has no part.

Look at the picture of the boy on the rocking-horse and hear his story. He came to Miss Hawthorn suffering from contracted tendons of the feet which caused him to walk on his toes. She commenced treatment by a course of massage, and wrought improvement. At the best it was outside help, so to speak, and it was necessary that the lad should help to fight for himself. This is how Miss Hawthorn did it.

Photo by Miss Hawthorn.

THE BOY WHO WAS CURED OF CONTRACTED TENDONS OF THE FEET.

By kind permission of the Editor of the "Animal World."

"COCKY SPRY."

She placed him on the back ot a rocking-horse (just as you see him in the illustration) and gently rocked him to and fro. To help preserve his balance, he instinctively clung to the saddle with his feet, unthinkingly helping the cure that massage had started. In due time his feet were restored to complete usefulness, and now the lad is in a situation earning his daily bread. Note in this case, that the cure was effected in the greater part by the lad himself *unthinkingly*. Note further that the treatment to him was always associated with play,—jolly times rocking on the back of a rocking-horse.

Take another most interesting case, that of a little girl who was brought to Miss Hawthorn with both legs paralysed. She was unable to walk and the doctors had expressed the opinion that she never *would* be able to walk. In a word, she was another "incurable."

When this child had been under Miss Hawthorn's care for five months *only* she was able to toodle up and downstairs, and spent a good portion of her time trying to skip!!!

Look again at the illustration of another little patient—the cheery little chap who asks—"'Aint Miss Hawthorn coming to rub-a-dub me?" He is Baby Lynch, the youngest of Miss Hawthorn's patients, and he suffers from paralysis of the right arm. Miss Hawthorn hopes to soon get that right arm well. Personally I believe she will succeed.

It is worthy of mention that in nearly every case Miss Hawthorn has treated, the improvement made has been so great as to amount to a practical cure. Even her

By kind permission of the Editor of the "Animal World."

THE MAJOR
Miss Hawthorn's Drill Instructor.

animal and bird pets (and she has many) she harnesses to her schemes for cure. Look at the illustration of "The Major," the big-beaked, long-tailed macaw. Although he does not look a particularly energetic sort of chap, he is nevertheless a valuable assistant. He fills the role of physical drill instructor, for he has been taught to flap his wings at the word of command, and the children are taught to imitate his movements with their arms.

As with the macaw, so with other pets, and as a result, Miss Hawthorn has a boy patient who has earned an enviable reputation for his "Kangaroo March," "Sparrow's Hop" and "Pussy Cat's Polka."

It is all very childish this, but in dealing with children, poor helpless little children, childishness is wanted. If one-half, aye, more than one-half of Miss Hawthorn's little patients were told or ordered to move a limb, no movement would be made for the reason that a conscious effort would have to be made.

Instead, she takes each child out of itself, so to speak, and plays upon its propensity for imitation, with the result that the all-important movement is made. It may be at first a very feeble movement, but with constant repetition it gains strength, and, with massage to help it, in time it brings the stricken limb to usefulness.

The work is hard—harder than most people can imagine. If patients come as they have been coming, Miss Hawthorn will need assistance. She contemplates seeking that assistance of the blind, feeling sure that their sensitive touch will prove invaluable for delicate manipulation of baby limbs. For the present, however, she works alone, and every Wednesday afternoon she may be found at the Guild's rooms at the Leysian Mission, 112, City-road, E.C. To a visitor, the place looks like a children's playroom, for everyone looks bright and happy—the poor Tiny Tims most of all. Childish laughter strikes the ear the moment you enter, and there is no sense of melancholy, sadness, or subdued pain.

One by one each child is handled by Miss Hawthorn, and as she massages, or induces the little patient to move the poor paralysed limb, she also instructs the parent or guardian how to carry on the treatment for the ensuing week, until the time comes round for the child to be brought to her again.

And at that meeting-ground of poor little cripples, that joyous playroom of boisterous children, one looks in vain for costly curative apparatus and fitments. Instead, there are a few oddments—a rocking-horse, a few coloured hoops, an exerciser, some coloured ribbons, and a few toys. How useless they would be, too, but for that bright, sympathetic, inventive mind that lies behind them.

The grim reality of *cure* is never allowed to come to the surface—it is all play, delightful play. The little patients love it, and look forward to their weekly visit as children look forward for all (to them) red letter days, for they know and feel they are going to see a friend whose time shall be theirs wholly, who will organise games for them, and whose face always bears a smile.

You who read, think for a moment. Does it not strike you that in view of the uses to which Miss Hawthorn puts physical exercises, she is proving to the world as much as anyone to-day the remedial value of physical culture? To your sceptical friends, retell the story of this noble woman's work—of how she is plucking from the stream of life poor human flotsam to remodel it, remake it, and send it forth whole again.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

Have you at home a few childish toys you have no further use for—a ball, a string of coloured beads, a doll, a tricycle horse? . . . . The Tiny Tim Guild needs all these, especially the tricycle horse.

Have you a desire to learn of a charity that a shilling even would mean a lot to?

The Tiny Tim Guild needs shillings badly.

Do you wish to help build up and strengthen an existing institution that is proving daily the value of exercise as applied to poor little children who have been bearing that pathetic label "Incurable"?

If so, communicate with Mr. F. S. Clarke, the hon. treasurer of the Tiny Tim Guild, whose address is 34, Lime Street, E.C.

WHY WE GROW TIRED.

Does Change of Work Really Mean Rest?

EVERY athlete and every brain-worker has experienced the sensation of fatigue, and most of them have a vague idea that it is caused in some way by the presence of waste matter in the system. A most interesting and instructive article on the subject is from the pen of Sir W. R. Gowers, who boldly admits the limitations of science in analysing feelings and sensations.

THE USEFUL FROG.

"Unfortunately for science," he says, "feeling or sensation for the most part eludes our grasp. The actual sensory functions of the nerves can be tested—the sensitiveness of the skin to touch or pain, of the auditory nerve to hearing, of the eye to light and colour; but the multitudinous sensations of which the brain may be conscious elude the methods of scientific research even in its latest elaboration. They cannot be described in words, for our feelings altogether transcend the capacities of language; and only similes can be used, which mislead rather than inform. To this class of uncomprehended sensations belong those which are caused by over-exertion. The 'feelings of fatigue constitute an obstacle to exertion often insuperable, but their purely subjective nature makes their scientific investigation almost impossible. That which is only felt cannot be recorded, and eludes the precise observation that is necessary for accurate study.

"What we know of fatigue has largely been ascertained by means of experiments on frogs, which are unusually useful subjects for the physiologist's investigations.

"The frog is a convenient agent for such observations, because it will go on living for a long time after being killed. The statement may seem somewhat Hibernian; but the division of the spinal cord from the brain does not end life at once, as it would in a higher animal. The heart continues to beat and the muscles to contract, although the brain cannot act on the body, and no sensation can reach the brain. This fact is extremely convenient for physiologists. They can study many of the facts of life, and yet know that they are causing no pain, and that the will of the subject does not influence the facts they observe.

MUSCLES NEVER EXHAUSTED.

"The first result of experiment shows us that fatigue or exhaustion is not the result of mere over-use. This over-use brings about a change in the actual state of the organ which is over-exerted, and fatigue follows as a result of the action of this change.

"If the muscles of the leg of a frog, thus deprived of conscious feeling, are stimulated by electricity so as to cause contraction in quick succession, these steadily diminish in strength. . . . The diminution goes on until the contraction no longer occurs. The same electrical current passed through the nerve, which at first produced energetic movement, no longer causes concentration in the muscle.

"If, then, the artery of the limb is divided and distilled water is injected until it flows out freely from the veins, muscular contractions can again be obtained, and they continue for a short time. The significance of this fact is clear. Distilled water cannot renew the contractile elements of the muscle. All that it can do is, so to speak, to wash out the muscle. Hence it is certain that the cessation of the contractions, under rapid stimulation, is due not only to exhaustion of the muscle, but to the presence of something which hinders the response and can be removed by simple irrigation.

CAUSE OF MENTAL FATIGUE.

"What we are trying to find out is the exact nature of the change which exertion brings about in a muscle.

"The fact is established that muscular action gives rise to a waste product which, by hindering further exertion, gives rise to the feeling we call fatigue.

"In the case of mental fatigue, the facts are more difficult to ascertain. The products of muscular exertion pass readily into the blood and reach the brain, which is thereby affected. Brain work, too, is necessary in all action.

"Most of the senses are called into action; comparison and judgment are needed, and the sources of nerve activity are more or less exhausted. The double influence of games, the demand on brain and muscle, and the hindrance to each which results from the products of their action, enable us readily to comprehend the failure of the cricketer's dexterity after a long day's play, and the inability of the schoolboy to work well after hard exertion. Indeed, this lesson is one of great importance. It is not reasonable to expect mental work to be well done after exhausting muscular exercise.

"The strange fact has been discovered that purely mental work alone lessens our power for physical exertion. There is a difference, however, between mental weariness and fatigue.

"The concentration of the mind on a single subject prevents the perception of other sensations. These are felt if the attention is incompletely occupied; they induce involuntary movements which are mistaken for indications of fatigue. They are no doubt signs of mental weariness, but not of true fatigue. The fact brings out the difference of meaning of the two words, and shows that they are not interchangeable. We are often weary when we are not fatigued, and sometimes even because we are not.

THE SECRET OF THE LETTER.

"The writer of a letter produced during thorough brain-fatigue, who is so wise (or unwise) as to read it over, will be surprised to find that he has left out words, or mis-written them. He thinks he has mis-spelt them, and so he literally has; but it is generally an imperfect control of the process of visualising the letters in words, so that, of two words beginning with the same letter, the first is made to end with the termination which belongs to its successor. When there is no fatigue, such mistakes are never made. Those who never read through their letters surprise their correspondents; those who do, alarm themselves.

"The idea is that the brain becomes affected by toxic matter, which prevents it working, just as do the muscles. This leads us to question whether change of work is really a means of preventing mental fatigue. This is very generally believed.

"If only the work is not too heavy, we can discern the reasonableness of this belief. Any special form of mental occupation involves the use of the nerve structures in a definite degree and a particular combination. Even the nerve elements in the same region of the brain may be active or not, intensely energetic or slightly active, according to the precise character of the cerebral process. All functional action stimulates nutrition, and is definitely beneficial, provided it does not exceed a moderate degree. Indeed, absolute rest is apparently unknown to the elements of the nervous system. They are in constant, gentle, unperceived activity.

"But we must remember that refreshment of brain and body cannot be secured by replacing one form of fatigue by another form."

Drink and Insanity.

In this country 50 per cent. of crime may be attributed to the use of alcohol. Grocers' licences are probably more responsible for women taking drink than public-houses, as they give facilities for secret drinking, and it had been proved that where a woman drank to excess there was a great tendency to imbecility in her children.

The Mayor and the Babies.

In an open letter issued to the mothers of Huddersfield, the Mayor (Mr. Benjamin Broadbent) gives directions as to the feeding of babies.

He says that babies should be weighed every fortnight, and that a baby-weighing machine is kept at the Mayoral office for the purpose, and may be taken to any dwelling. Babies should not be continuously nursed—that is, kept in the mother's arms. Babies are a little like kittens; they can be spoiled with much nursing and handling.

"My own unskilled recommendation," he says, "is to nurse the baby as little as possible. Put it on a sofa or on a table on a pillow or cushion, making it certain that there will be no fall, and let the baby sleep or amuse itself."

His worship recommends fresh air and sunshine, just taking care to avoid direct exposure to sun and wind. He says it is not even necessary to have a perambulator. Put the baby out of doors in a clothes basket nicely covered and sheltered.

MAN'S SENSE OF SMELL.

Savages Have it Keenly Trained, but City Men are Losing It.

EVEN the range of vision may be out-distanced by that of smell, if it be true, for instance, that the Spice Islands of the Indian Archipelago are to be distinguished far out at sea long before they have been sighted from the look-out. According to Humboldt, the Peruvian Indians, on the darkest night, cannot only perceive the approach of a stranger while still far distant, but can tell whether he is a negro or an Indian or a European. The Arabs of the desert are said to smell fire thirty or forty miles away. The Indian of North America certainly uses his nose in the pursuit of game, and Major-Gen. Baden-Powell has strongly recommended the practice to white men in his treatise on scouting.

But it is not only savages and uncivilised tribes who surpass us in the efficiency of this particular organ and in the attention which they pay to its education. With the Japanese "incense snuffing" has reached the dignity of a ceremonial. At a kiki-ko party your host produces on a special tray some twenty or more different kinds of incense, from which he selects five, to each one of which he gives a different name, founded on some literary allusion, each name receiving a number.

There is another reason for which it might be worth our while to pay more attention to this particular sense—for its mnemonic suggestiveness. The faculty of memory, says a writer in the *Spectator*, plays a rather queer part in connection with that of smelling, although around it our mental associations cluster most strongly.

The Indians in the North-west will scrape off the inner bark of the red willow, dry it in the sun, and then rub it between their fingers till it resembles a coarse-cut tobacco. An American would tell you that it smells "tired," and if you lit a pipeful of it in an English smoking-room someone would probably complain that the carpet was on fire. But there are others for whom it will summon up pictures that are as vivid and convincing as the phantasmagoria of a haschisch-eater or the opium dreams of a De Quincey.

To them a single whiff of the pungent incense of kinni-kinick will bring back the rush of tumbling waters between steep cliffs, the throb along the keel of a canoe as it races past smooth bosses of green jade, where the flood is boiling over the treacherous boulders beneath; the quick stroke of the paddle as the bow swerves from the jagged, foam-ringed teeth of splintered rocks. Or the soft, padding tread of the moccasin in the pine forests, the moaning bellow of the cow moose and the cackle of the camp fire at night when the luminous fan of the northern lights is shimmering in the dark-blue vault above. Or the long narrow trails that wind under giant trees and dip through the gulches of the Rocky Mountains, the dingy tents of blue-chinned, black-moustached, rusty-booted prospectors and pig-tailed Chinamen, the trumpet call of the wild swans on the great lakes, which cries to us that the red gods are making their medicine again and that "on the other side the world we're overdue."

Six Thousand Dare-Devils.

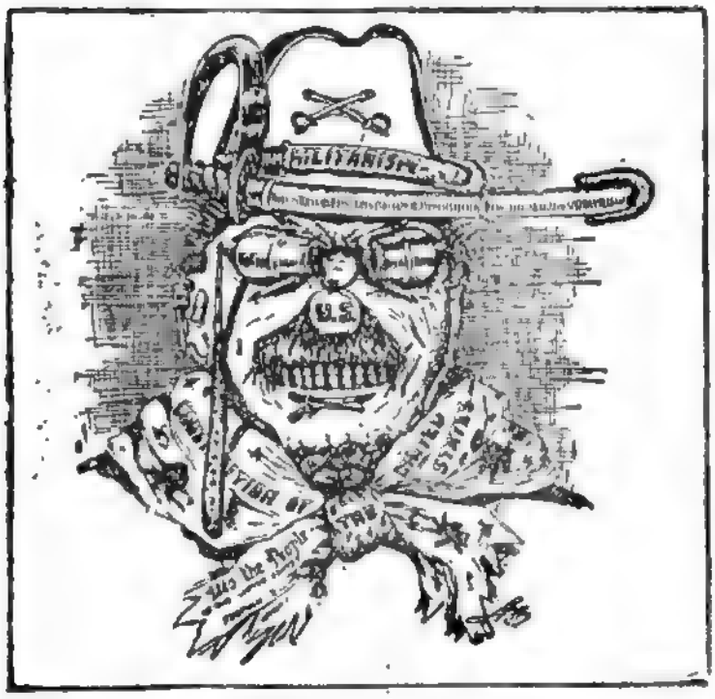
Official approval has been given by the Secretary of State for War to the Legion of Frontiersmen, and six thousand men have applied for enrolment in the corps, which is to be civilian, self-governing, and self-supporting.

Some of their duties will be those of intelligence agents in the field, guides, scouts, and dispatch riders.

The legion has offices at 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, and needs funds to establish the corps, also local organizing officers.

A Good Sportsman.

Make a man a sportsman, a real lover of sport, and you get him well on the road to sobriety, self-respect, and physical well-being. "Keep on making sportsmen" would not be a bad motto for Parliament.—The Earl of Lonsdale, in *C. B. Fry's Magazine.*



Strong Men in Caricature.
(1) ROOSEVELT.

Brains as Bequests.

The study of the brain after death frequently leads to very interesting discoveries, and at the close of a recent lecture dealing with this matter, by Professor Symes-Thompson, a number of ladies and gentlemen promised to bequeath their brains to him in the cause of science. Subsequently, Professor Symes-Thompson talked with a *Daily Mail* representative on the subject. "It is not strictly correct," he said, "to say that only the brains of paupers and lunatics are available for scientific study, because very many brains of cultured and even learned persons came to the hands of the specialist in cerebral phenomena. Indeed, a larger number of persons than most people imagined thus gave their brains to science, and Professor Goldwin Smith some time ago formally willed his brain to Cornell University, New York State.

"Brains vary very much," said Professor Symes-Thompson. "There are great differences among the brains of highly-talented men. It is the compiler of facts, the lexicographer, the cyclopædist, who has the large heavy brain with an enormous bed of grey matter and numerous convolutions; the genius who concentrates upon one line of thought may have a comparatively small brain. Newton, Byron, Cromwell—men supreme in widely different fields of thought—all had small heads, though, of course, the brain quality, the organism of the brain, was of the highest. Newton, when he was born, was so small that he could be put inside a quart pot.

"Cromwell's skull is so small that the keeper of the relic had to explain to a complaining visitor, who expected more cranium for the trouble of visiting the place, that this was the skull of Cromwell when he was a boy."

Public Houses too Plentiful for Prosperity.

In the first place, we are all of one opinion, that there are by far too many public-houses in this country. The temptations to drink are unreasonably multiplied. Most of us have to do with business, and are in constant communication with working men and women. Hundreds of times we have discussed this subject with those who are most concerned. I have never met a working-man's wife who did not say that there were at least three times too many public-houses, and that the evil wrought by their multiplication was immense. Have I not seen it for myself? Cannot all see it who walk through London at night with eyes to see? A man may resist one temptation, but he is shaken by the second, and overcome by the third. There are public-houses I pass every week which I know to be centres of corruption. Everybody knows that this is so, and yet they go on. Employers and employed alike in their own best interests ought to see that these places are put down. Yet the effect of opinion is very tardy. If temperance reformers can make a reasonable appeal to reasonable people, they ought to have their way. Few things within the power of the law would do more for the prosperity and happiness of the country than a drastic measure to close unnecessary public-houses.

Strong Men in Caricature.
(2) CHAMBERLAIN.

BITS OF BRAIN.

Second Thoughts.

Second thoughts are second best.—*Smith's Weekly.*

A Question of Sex.

The man who fusses is generally contemptible, the woman pathetic.—The *Outlook.*

The Simple Life.

The simple life does not need lentils or cellular clothing; it needs those rarer things, gratitude and humility.—G. K. CHESTERTON, in the *Daily Graphic.*

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

We often delude ourselves with the idea that we are virtuous, when in reality we are simply giving our accustomed follies a rest.—*London Opinion.*

Stimulants on the Brain.

A healthy brain requires neither stimulants nor tobacco, for every prick they give to Nature, she kicks back at them.—Dr. KITCHEN in the *Manchester Guardian.*

Life's Handicap.

There is only one way in which man or woman can develop real strength, and that is to fight unceasingly and to stand absolutely alone.—GERTRUDE ATHERTON in the *North American Review.*

Methods and Manners.

The cottages and horrid little houses of the nineteenth century have bred a race careless and grubby in its table manners, uncomfortable in company, and fiercely shy.—H. G. WELLS, in the *Daily Mail.*

A Good Soldier.

The abolition of a false idea of soldiering would surely be no evil. Let the tax-payer and the possible recruit learn to realise that the requirements of a good soldier are essentially health, a straight eye, and a disciplined mind.—J. H. M. ABBOTT in the *Spectator.*

The Wayfaring Man.

Travel and experience and the inquiring spirit are like temptation; they either kill or invigorate. A child brought up on the "sheltered life" system may grow up a good man, but the odds are against his goodness being a potent influence on his fellows.—*Spectator.*

Work in a Hurry.

The love of work for work's sake is not a characteristic of the present day. There is a tendency to rush and get it over. Much of our modern work is scamped or badly done. We are anxious to catch time by the forelock that we almost tear the forelock off.—MARIE CORELLI at Northampton.

Ignorant Mothers.

The poorer classes in this country are usually utterly ignorant of all principles of hygiene. How, indeed, could they be otherwise with no one to teach them?

They do not know how to feed their babies; they do not understand the importance of fresh air and cleanliness or the dangers of alcohol. These are all things that can be taught. They are taught in other countries; and it is time they were taught in England.—*Speaker.*

The Holiday Craze.

To take recurrent holidays has become a fetish. Some people really needing a periodical outing will be benefitted if they can exchange for a while the noise of town for the peace of the country, or the dulness of the country for the circulating life, the picturesque shops, the public entertainments available in towns. But to the bulk of mankind home is a pleasant place; if not, their first effort should be, not to get away from it, but to discover what is wrong with it that can be rectified.—*The Leisure Hour.*

Beresford and Beer.

When I was a young man I was an athlete. I used to box a great deal, ride steeplechases and races, play football, and go through a number of competitive sports and pastimes. When I put myself into training, which was a continual occurrence, I never drank any wine, spirits or beer at all, for the simple reason that I felt I could get fit quicker without taking any stimulants; now I am an older man, and have a position of great responsibility, often entailing quick thought and determination and instant decision, I drink no wines, spirits, or beer, not because they do me harm, not because I think it wrong to drink, but simply because I am more ready for any work imposed upon me day or night; always fresh, always cheery, and in good temper.—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, at Gibraltar Temperance Meeting.

Maxims for the Married.

A fellow's always in the wrong when he quarrels with a woman, and, even if he wasn't at the start, he's sure to be before he gets through. And a man who's decided to marry can't be too quick learning to apologise for things he didn't say and to be forgiven for things he didn't do.

You'll save a heap of trouble if you make it a rule never to refuse a request before breakfast and never to grant one after dinner.

After you've been married a little while, you're going to find that there are two kinds of happiness you can have—homely happiness and fashionable happiness. With the first you get a lot of children, and with the second a lot of dogs. You can buy a lot of home happiness with a mighty small salary, but fashionable happiness always costs just a little more than you're making.

I don't care how much or how little money you make, I want you to understand that there's only one place in the world where you can live a happy life, and that's inside your income. A family that's living beyond its means is simply a business that's losing money—it's bound to go to smash.—G. H. LORIMER'S "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son" in *Pearson's Magazine.*

A BRAIN GYMNASIUM.

THE BUSY NEW YORK WOMAN'S BEAUTY DRILL.

A GYMNASIUM for women has been opened right in the heart of busy New York.

The gymnasium is under the direction of G. H. Bojus, late instructor at Columbia University Gymnasium, and W. R. Harper, supervisor of physical culture in the New York schools. All the work given has been highly specialised and adapted to the needs of the busy city women.

"One of the chief advantages of our work for business women," says Mr. Harper, "is that we cut out tension. For women relaxation is the thing. We're not working for development, but for health. We're not trying to make brawn, but brain. We are not making lifting power, but staying power. We want to keep these women at their desks.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TEMPERAMENT.

"Incidentally, of course, there is a resultant benefit to the body as well as a mental quickening. It is hard to say which is cause and which is effect where brain and body are concerned. And while these women need most what we can do for their brains, they do not despise the benefits to the body. Paradoxical as it may sound, the same exercise that gives flesh to the thin, anæmic, nervous woman will reduce the weight of the phlegmatic. The same conditions in their everyday lives bring them to the abnormal state of thinness or stoutness, and the same exercise will bring them to normal again. It's altogether a matter of pace. The nervous woman must take her exercise slowly, while the woman of sluggish temperament must take hers quickly. It's a much harder proposition to put on flesh than to take it off."

Some of the women are in the habit of stopping in at the gymnasium on their way to work in the morning. Others run over in the middle of the afternoon if a lull comes in the day's work. Still others take in the gymnasium on their way home in the evening. And whether it be the one whose nerves are wrought to the eye-scratching, hair-pulling point by the ceaseless click of typewriter keys, the care of a roomful of restless children, or some teasing points of law, or one on whom the confinement and sedentary tasks of an office have a deadening, fat-producing effect, the few minutes of well-directed exercise taken several times a week sends each back to her work rested and refreshed, better able to go on with her grind. And the pounds that one puts off the other puts on.

"I have found fencing one of the best exercises for me," said Miss McBride, who is interested in the recreation work of the public schools. "For every touch I can make on my opponent, I give a pound of flesh. At least, I hope I do. The worst thing about fencing is that it is a rather one-sided exercise. The right side is much more in play than the left. For that reason I do some boxing and some other all-round exercise to even things up for the left side."

A LIGHTNING CHANGE.

"Dumb-bells and club-swinging for me," said another young woman, whose frail figure shows what the strain of office work has been for her. "I gained five pounds in only a few lessons. I always find it restful after a tiresome day. Already my chest measure has increased two inches. Before I began I always had to cut down a thirty-two shirt-waist pattern. Now I leave it all in."

"When I began this gymnasium work," said one of the school teachers, "I suffered severely from rheumatism. The club-swinging, dancing steps, and dumb-bell work have practically cured me. I have almost forgotten what rheumatism is."

"It has helped my back very much," said Miss Ward, "though the truth is, that I only come for the fun of it."

Most of the work done in this gymnasium during the day is done on the double-quick. A business woman's time is worth something.

Instead of using a blouse to her gymnasium suit, she keeps on her shirt waist, perhaps her stock or her collar and tie, merely exchanging her street skirt for a pair of bloomers and her street shoes for a pair of flat-soled, heelless gymnasium shoes. The change is made in a "jiffy," and she has gone through her exercises and is dressed and out on the street again before her society sister would have got her silk stockinged feet into her gymnasium shoes with the same start.

NEVER TIME FOR LOAFING.

There's never time for loafing and gossip. Indeed, this gymnasium has no parlours fitted with cushioned couches and easy chairs and books. It is intended for busy people. If there is an extra five minutes it is taken for a shower bath and a quick rub.

At the evening class there is less of a hurry. The day's work is done. The members drop in by ones, twos, and threes, and the early ones lounge about on the big mat on the floor till the others have come and donned their bloomers.

"All ready!" calls the director at last, and a score or more are on their feet and marching off to the music of a piano. At night there is time for music, though the piano stands closed during the day.

First there is dumb-bell work. At first it looks like any other dumb-bell work, which is supposed to be good for chest and shoulders and arms alone. But it is really quite different. There is none of the tension, the stiffening and swelling of muscles that mark a man's use of dumb-bells. It is all easy swinging, relaxed movements, and after a while the movements of the arms are accompanied by steps forward and back, to one side and another, until every muscle of the body is brought into play.

DUMB-BELLS AND INDIAN CLUBS.

The dumb-bells are exchanged for Indian clubs; and again, after the wrist and arm exercise of ordinary club-swinging, there is the extension work, the trunk and legs coming in for a share of the movements, which are like a series of *tableaux-vivants*. It is graceful work, to be sure, but at the same time serious. Every exercise means not only use of all the muscles of the body, but concentration of the mind as well, for a mis-step or a swing of the right arm instead of the left would mean a whack on the head for someone in the next line, so close do the files work together.

The Indian clubs are put on the rack, and some time is spent in foot work. It really looks like a ballet drill but for the soberness of the faces above the pirouetting feet. But ballet girls are paid to smile. These women are not, and they are very much in earnest about getting the good results of this foot work. The smile might help them to it, but, as the director says:—

"They only smile when they see me smile. They watch me, and whatever I do they do. And if I don't smile, they don't smile."

There is one part of the work that never fails to bring not only smiles, but laughter. That is the mat work, which in general serves the same purpose as the foot work, though it looks different enough.

"Down on the floor, all of you—and talk!"

The director knows they will do it, so he gives the order for the fun of having it promptly obeyed. There is something so deliciously absurd to these dignified business women in getting down on the floor and rolling about, kicking up their heels like babies.

"Arms up! Right leg! Left leg—

"Find your left leg there, quick!"—and everybody stops with two arms up and a left leg, until one whose right leg has gone up in the air by mistake, gets it down and the left leg up.

"Arms up! Right leg! Left leg! Both legs! Touch your hands with your toes!"

GOOD FOR ACHING SPINES.

It's more of a trick than it looks to be, but in time a dozen pairs of hands and toes touch in unison, and the orders change and everybody raises up on the hands, with heels touching, knees rigid, back bent upward. Spines that ache and nerves that are out of kilter find relief in this, and after every set of movements there is a good laugh, which helps as much as anything.

A Reminiscence of a River

Deep in the heart of Arcadian woods.

By MARY A. CONDON (Canada).

WHEN my Uncle Hugh's will was read, and it transpired that he had left River House to me, my Millicent said:

"Where is River House, Ralph? What is it like? And, what shall you do with it?"

"Do with it?" I echoed. "My dear, I shall take you and the wee daughter there, in the balmy July days that are coming, and you shall see for yourself. River House lies deep in the heart of Arcadian woods, fraught with memories of Evangeline. The house is a mere cottage, covered with vines and tangled things, and the robins build their nests in the trees that shade it, so lonely it is. But the river! O, Milly, the blue, sparkling river! Wait until you see it!"

Millicent laughed, a matter of fact way she has of treating my raptures.

"My dear, foolish Ralph," she said, "you are only a great overgrown boy, elated at thoughts of a vacation in the woods. I shall have to watch you when there, or this magical river will exercise hypnotic powers, and bear you away from Lilith and me."

All my life I have delighted in rivers. Methinks some drop of wild, Romany blood lurks in my veins, and draws me to woods and streams. Musical voices call me. They are the sounds of the wild things in their woodsy, redolent homes; the melodies that come from rustling leaves, and swaying branches, and the chorus that the river sings in the murmur of flowing water, the lap, lap on the shore, the tinkle of brook or rivulet, and the deep resounding roar of some distant waterfall. Nature's lyre is strangely sweet to those in sympathy with her moods.

River House was a hunting-lodge, erected by my late uncle, on the bank of a river which took its rise in the lake-country of Nova Scotia, and flowed to the sea. The march of modernisms, replete with shriek of locomotive, hum of trolleys, and clang of bells, had not yet disturbed the wild denizens of the forest, or marred the reigning stillness of the place.

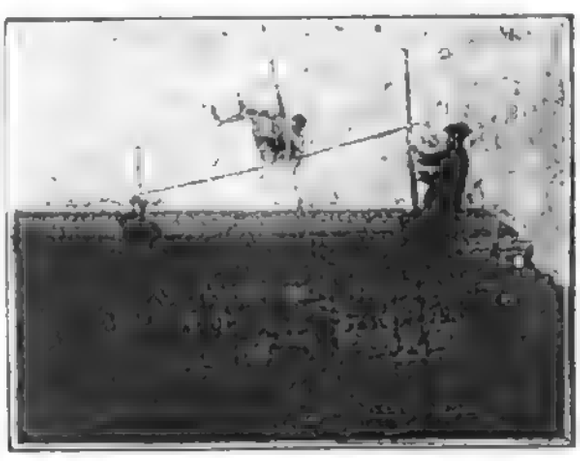
To River House I went, with wife, our daughter, aged five, and a maid, and there in sweet idleness we dreamed away a month of glorious life. The concluding stage of our journey was made in a row-boat, six miles up the river from Meredon, a seaport town from which our supplies had been forwarded. We rounded a point of land, and came into view of our heritage one bright July afternoon.

All about us lay densely-wooded slopes and rocky points, among which the river wound its course. A small island divided the river into two parts, a short distance below the house; one went smoothly on, and the other formed, between the island and the river-bank, a wonderfully picturesque waterfall, over which the water foamed and flowed in a white cataract to the rapids below, swirling and hurrying on, to be soothed into calmness again as it reached the lower point of the island, and joined the river in its search for the sea.

The prow of our boat grated on the pebbly beach below the cottage, which stood—a veritable bower of vines and blossoms—on a bank overhanging the river. A small clearing surrounded the house, and the evening sunbeams fell on masses of fragrant wild bloom, on moss-covered cliffs, and on great pine and fir trees. As we stood a moment viewing the surroundings, after dismissing our boatman, the cottage door opened, and a man of gigantic stature came down the path to meet us. It was Paul, and Paul was a revelation. He was a Micmac Indian of Herculean proportions, and varied characteristics, who had been for years the trusted caretaker of River House; the presiding genius of this happy land, who soon became invaluable to us.

Did we express a desire for shining salmon, or speckled trout, Paul produced them; if our stock of fresh meat was depleted, Paul would disappear for an hour or two, returning with a bewildering array of wild duck, partridge and plover, toothsome and tender. Luscious wild strawberries, blueberries — sweet and juicy, and blue as our Lilith's eyes—crimson, glowing pigeon berries, or the pure, waxen fruit of the maiden teaberry, were all forthcoming at the will of this versatile son of the forest. He soon became the child's devoted slave, and never seemed to tire of her baby prattle. Mounted on his great shoulder, she would clap her tiny hands at the glee of the birds, the squirrels, or the gay blossoms, revealed by her friend Paul to "Missie Lil."

In Paul were embodied all the stolid characteristics of his ancestors, and his haughty dignity would brook but little control. We yielded respect and submission to this autocrat of the river and he gave us faithful service. That the red man's heart was good, and his nature simple, was evidenced by an anecdote



which was related to me by a gentleman in Meredon.

Paul had a brother, who had quarrelled with his squaw, and friendly offices to reconcile them were without avail. Like most of the Indians in Nova Scotia, the members of this tribe were Catholics. One day Paul presented himself before Father O'Reilly, the priest who ministered to the Micmacs of the district, and informing him that his brother, Joe Noel, had quarrelled with his wife, requested the priest to accompany him to the encampment, to marry them again.

"But, Paul," said the astonished and amused clergyman, "they are already married. Why should I marry them again?"

"Yes," answered Paul, in his laconic way, "Scotch priest marry 'em before. He no fix 'em good. They fight. Want Irish priest this time." And it took the Irish priest some time to convince the well-meaning red man that a second ceremony was unnecessary. Such was Paul.

At River House the march of our existence went on joyously; each day filled with a keen delight in the thousand moods of the river, whose windings we often explored in our large canoe, guided by the strong and skilful hands of our Micmac servitor.

One day, leaving the canoe far up in the wood, where our river narrowed and became an amber, shadowy brook, we followed a narrow trail along the bank of the stream for a few hundred yards, and found a lake—broad, silvery in the sunlight, with rippling surface where lay clumps of pure white lilies, framed in leafy setting.

As wild and unclaimed as in the days when De Monts and his merry company assembled at neighbouring Port Royal, was the forest that grew to the water's edge. A flock of wild fowl rose from where the sedges were brooding in their liquid bed, and went scurrying away over the tree-tops. A raven—black as midnight—with mother instinct guarding her young, croaked a plaint to her mate. Squirrels ran at our approach, and then sat a moment to gaze at us with bright saucy eyes from a secure resting place in some giant tree, then scampered away to cover. The wind-swept lake poured its liquid life into the rocky bed of the stream—animating the spirit of our deep flowing river—and went on, bearing "a story in every breeze, a picture in every wave," down to where the sea caves lie, floored with sand and sea-shells; where the Atlantic surf booms hoarsely, and the seagulls flaunt their silvery wings and cry a good-morning to the new day.

One bright afternoon I sat reading, in the shade of a great pine, a few yards from the cottage. The sound of flying feet startled me, and, with a nameless fear quickening my heart-beats, I glanced up to see Paul with the speed of the wind making for the river. His great strides left me in the rear, and intuition warned me not to call to him, but I reached the bank in time to see him fling coat and shoes away, and plunge into the stream. A canoe, in which sat a golden-haired child unconscious of fear, was being borne away on the river. My baby had climbed into the little barque, which had lain insecurely fastened at the landing, and the stream was bearing it, with awful rapidity, down toward the rapids above the falls. No other boat was within reach, and, realising my utter helplessness, I looked on despairingly. With powerful strokes Paul struck out. Would he overtake the frail boat? No, the current had seized it. Yet, Paul was gaining. O, thank Heaven, and good Paul! Another moment, and he grasped the side of the canoe, and drew himself lightly in; but they were in the rapids, and even Paul's herculean strength could not draw the boat from their toils. It soon became apparent to me that the only hope lay in shooting the falls, and, while I did not doubt Paul's ability to take the canoe over, and save himself, how could he do it when encumbered with the child, and save both? On, on, the canoe drifted, now tossing madly about, now gliding smoothly along, the tall figure of the Indian standing erect and immovable in the centre of the boat, with one hand plying the paddle, and with the other clasping the child in a close embrace. They reached the brink of the fall, where the water—treacherously calm and unruffled—prepared for its mad plunge over the cliff. There was a moment of awful suspense, and my eyes took in every detail

of the scene: the mad water, the frail canoe, the giant standing with lightly poised paddle, and the child's golden head outlined against his dark form; the shadow cast by the island shore, and the haven of smooth water beyond. For one brief instant the canoe hesitated on the brink. I seemed to see it quiver; then it shot over the fall and disappeared. With winged feet I sped along the bank to a point commanding a view below the falls. Ah, God be thanked! Paul had triumphed. The boat was still tossed in the lower rapids, but, with unerring hand, the brave Indian was guiding it safely on. I watched him emerge into smooth water, and paddle round the island.

Half-an-hour later, with stolid, immovable face, and saying no word, he drove the prow of the boat up on the landing, and gave Lilith into the arms of her trembling mother. As I pressed his hand, and spoke words, kindly, yet how inadequate for the service he had rendered us, the nearest approach to a smile that I had ever seen there, flitted across the inscrutable face of the Micmac, and he said, with a shrug of his broad shoulders:

"Ugh! Canoe run away with Missie Lil. Me just in time to catch him."

The sun had set on the last day of our dreamtime by the river. Doubly bright was the red-gold of the western sky: sweeter the chirp of birds, and rustle of tree-tops; even the hoarse dub-a-dub of the frogs was music to-night, because to-morrow we leave them. With Millicent's hand in mine—married lovers we—we view the fairness of the night, and breathe the magical charm of the river. The beauty of God's earth; the grandeur of His handiwork appeals strongly to the human heart here in the wilderness.

The stars come out in their blue bed; from a cloudbank in the East there issues a silent flash of summer lightning. Earth swings the censer of her perfumes—a blending of wild rose and fern, clover and violet, with the subtler, stronger odour of the pines. The river is murmuring on; over the falls it foams and flows in musical cadence. Not cooler, or fresher, O, river of Arcadia, were the fabled haunts of Pan! Not sweeter the music of his pipes than the sound of the night wind through the branches that turn their green faces to thee! When the Golden Age was first, when—

"No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound,"

this river was rushing through its lonely glen to the sea, and its moon-bright ripples shall shine in the dreams of poets yet unborn. The voices of the night are saying adieu to us. Au revoir let it be. On the morrow we left River House.

Six months later, one frosty January morning, I found among my letters one that was postmarked "Meredon," and brought memories of wood and river with it. My wife leaned over my shoulder as I broke the seal, and together we read the missive, which was from a gentleman whose acquaintance we had made in Meredon.

"I regret to inform you," the letter went on, "that Paul Noel, caretaker of your place on the river, died on the 10th instant. In his capacity of guide, he was crossing the ice on the lake, with a party of moose-hunters. One of the sportsmen ventured too near a channel where the ice was thin, and broke through into deep water. Paul immediately plunged after him, and, with the assistance of the others, effected a rescue. Then it came Paul's turn to be drawn from the water, but again and again the ice gave way beneath his great weight. Thoroughly exhausted, and chilled almost to unconsciousness, he was at last rescued, but even his wonderful physique could not withstand the experience, and pneumonia resulted. After a week of suffering, he passed quietly away. His last days were spent in the hospital here, where he had every care and attention. Paul was, as you know, a general favourite, and the death of the honest, faithful Micmac is much regretted."

Tears were raining from Millicent's eyes as we finished reading. Gentle, quiet, noble Paul was dead. River House without Paul had lost its individuality, and another river had borne him on to that peace in the happy hunting-ground which his unselfish life merited.

A number of young men in Dover have formed a "pipe league." They agree to smoke pipes only, and any member of the league found smoking cigarettes is to be fined.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF MENTAL DEPRESSION.

Mental Depression Caused by Diseased Brain, not by Diseased Nerves.

ONE hears much, nowadays, of the stress of modern conditions and its injurious effect upon the nervous system. Half the sufferings of the day are attributed to over-work. The nervous and the depressed will invariably say that their nerves have been shattered by over-work; but in nine cases out of ten such is not really the case. There are thousands of people working every bit as hard—many far harder—without getting run down or becoming depressed, or losing their energy. A healthy man, in fact, cannot overwork himself. Having done all the work he can physically and mentally afford to do, he will become naturally tired and sleepy, and will cease to work. The unhealthy person, on the other hand, cannot accomplish the same amount of work as the healthy person, or if he attempt to do so, he will, sooner or later, break down, and then attribute his collapse to over-work. The fact is, he does not break down from over-work, or even from the work he accomplishes, but because of his sickly condition. Such is the theory enunciated by Professor Ebbard in his book on "Mental Depression."

Not only, he argues, do people falsely interpret exterior influences, but very erroneous conceptions also exist generally as to the direct symptoms of nervous troubles.

Mentally depressed people, almost without exception, complain of the wrecked state of their nerves. They are nervous; they feel nervous; their nerves are broken down; their nerves are overstrained; their nerves are shattered; they sum up and describe all their complaints as a distressed condition of their nerves. And yet we know positively that their nerves are not in the least afflicted, that they are completely healthy; that even the worst neurasthenic has not one injured nerve in his whole system. For instance, a man who gets up in the morning ill-tempered, in a bad nervous condition, weary and disgusted with everything, with his life, and especially with his work, says: "Oh! I am dreadfully nervous, I cannot do my work; I am not able to write a letter!" Well, this man is, in reality, quite fit for his duties; his body performs its functions correctly; he can walk to his desk; he can write; his whole nervous system is regulating normally all his movements; not one nerve is injured or in a sickly condition; and yet he is not able to work. The real reason for this condition is that his nervousness does not consist in the derangement of his nerves, but in the affection of his *brain*, or rather of his central nervous system. To simplify the expression, I shall only speak of the brain, although it is a fact that the whole central nervous system is involved—viz., *the brain, the spinal cord, and the sympathetic nervous system.*

There is no hesitation about Professor Ebbard's pronunciations, and his arguments are undoubtedly physiologically correct.

Nervous disorder never consists in any affection of the conducting nerves; it is simply and exclusively a defect in the brain. Every nerve has a starting spot or point in the brain, which we call *centre of innervation;* from here the nerves run to their corresponding organs, conveying to each its respective impulse or nervous action. We may compare the brain with a central telegraph office, and the organs with depending terminal telegraph offices. The telegraph wires represent the nerves. If all the messages from the central office are telegraphed correctly, the terminal offices will receive them all right. Thus, all orders and instructions given will be duly executed, and no trouble whatsoever can arise, for the nerves as well as the apparatus in each terminal office are in good working order. This illustration will suffice for present purposes.

Therefore, modern science seeks the cause of mental depression, with all its symptoms, not in the nerves, but exclusively in the brain.

Pursuing this argument further, the author of "Mental Depression" says that it is a well-established principle that all mental and psychical troubles arise from material processes. Each organ of the body has its nerve centre in the brain, and the reaction of diseased organs injuriously affects their brain-centres. But in cases of mental depression the brain-centres must be deranged on an extensive scale, and therefore, he contends, that in such cases the reaction of diseased organs has only a secondary significance, while, on the contrary, all bodily troubles accompanying mental depression issue from the brain. In other words, mental depression simply means a diseased brain.

Then the author contends that this is always the result of impure blood, caused by the accumulation of poisons arising from faulty functional operation. To introduce more poisonous matter in the form of drugs and medicines is, therefore, absurd, and such people only become medicine-poisoned, as well as the victims of auto-toxication.

All that the physician may hope to do is to assist in every way the healing and recuperative powers which are constantly active in the body. In other words, the system must be corrected and the causes of depression removed by natural healing. In a fascinating chapter he deals with the error of introducing such direct poisons as bromide, iodine, chloral, etc., into the system, and the absurdity of prescribing inorganic substances such as iron.

The metabolism of the plant admits inorganic matter; the plant assimilates the inorganic substances from the soil. The metabolism of the animal seems to be of a higher order; it is only adapted to organic matter. The human body can, therefore, only assimilate organic matter in the form of *food*. Any substance which is not of an organic nature can never be assimilated by the blood; it represents a foreign element, and acts as a poison. The body, for instance, requires iron, but it would be of no use to offer this iron in inorganic chemical form—it would not be assimilated; while it would at once be assimilated if offered in spinach, because in spinach it is contained in organic form. Nevertheless, doctors prescribe tons of iron for anæmic women and girls, ruining them for life, because this chemical iron acts as a poison. It has with great difficulty to be eliminated again from the system, and in most cases not without having done serious damage, especially to the stomach.

Professor Ebbard instances a really marvellous cure, in an aggravated case of mental depression, after all medicinal treatment had failed.

"A lady, thirty-five years of age, had been suffering from her childhood with a permanent headache—it never ceased, neither day nor night. It began when she was thirteen years of age. She was examined in all possible ways, but the cause of the trouble could not be discovered. The headache grew worse, and when she was nineteen she commenced to be treated by physicians of great authority, who, of course, gave her the old poisons—bromide, iodine, strychnine, arsenic, chloral, caffeine, belladonna, antipyrin, phenacetin, chloroform, and innumerable patent medicines which contain similar poisons. A great number of these prescriptions are in my hands. During sixteen years she had been taking these poisons every day, and four times daily; on some occasions actually fainting on taking the medicine. It may be easily imagined to what degree she had become over-charged with these poisons in sixteen years. One physician dismissed her after seven months' treatment, telling her that he had prescribed all the medicines known to him, and could not give her a fresh one—that he was really at his wits' end. The poor lady got worse every day. The headache never ceased, and the strongest medicines would not give her relief, even for a few hours.

"In her case mental depression had reached such a stage that she completely despaired of her life. She was not fit to do any work; she could not read a line or use a needle; took no interest in her family, and at last went in constant dread lest her mental faculties should be affected.

"Her husband heard of another medical specialist of great renown, who, after carefully examining her, declared the

cause of the headache to be a pressure of the skull on the brain, which could only be remedied by an operation. The lady, however, would not consent to this operation, and by chance she came under my treatment.

"Upon examination, I soon discovered that the real cause of her troubles was poisoned blood—a cause which had not occurred to one of the numerous physicians who had treated her. It was easy to arrive at this diagnosis after seeing the prescriptions of the former treatments. I discovered at once that the patient had been medicine poisoned, not to speak of the primary blood poisons, such as uric acid, etc.

"The only remedy was to eliminate these poisons from the blood, and I succeeded in doing this in less than three months. After only three weeks of the treatment the headache diminished remarkably, proving that no pressure of the skull existed, and that my diagnosis was correct. The elimination of the medicine poisons, as well as of the uric acid, went on splendidly. After the second month the mental depression disappeared completely; the patient displayed fresh energy, and found joy in life. She commenced to read, to do needlework, was full of hope, and rejoiced in such a share of the freedom and happiness of health as she had never before experienced. After twenty-two years of permanent suffering she was completely restored within three months, and she would have been relieved in half the time if she had not been medicine-poisoned."

The book gives many valuable hints on the question of diet, and the respective values both from a nutritive and depurative aspect of certain meat and vegetable foods. He also gives specimen menus over a protracted period for the treatment of mental depression, together with much useful information as to bathing, exercise, and other important details of the natural methods of curing disease. The book is pre-eminently practical, and is written in lucid and untechnical language. It is published by Messrs. L. N. Fowler & Co., of 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C., at 2s. 6d. Those who suffer from nervous and mental troubles will find in it a simple and effective plan of self-treatment in their own homes, and it is a valuable addition to the physiologist's library.

Three Causes of Degeneracy.

The British race, said Captain H. T. Canton, Superintendent of Gymnasia at the Curragh Camp, in a recent lecture at Dublin, was degenerating physically in spite of all this recognition of the necessity of physical training, and especially that class from which the Army drew its recruits. The first cause of this was the flow of people from the country to large communities. There were not the same games in the town as in the country, nor was there the same amount of walking. The town life practically consisted of the school, office or workshop. The second cause was change of diet. Formerly people lived on wholesome food, such as porridge, potatoes, milk, cheese, etc. Now there was unwholesome white bread with tea four times a day, and bad cooking. Thirdly, emigration was a source of degeneration, especially so in Ireland, from where all men of physique, muscle, sinew, grit, and energy were going, leaving behind those of lesser physique and grit, and whose children were not as strong as their forbears.

Captain Canton then dealt with the question of dietary, and recommended the adoption of a good standard. Excessive smoking, of cheap cigarettes especially, was most detrimental, and particularly in the case of recruits, while alcohol and such stimulants as tea had no food value, and should be avoided. He thought that tea was as great a curse as whiskey or beer. Three out of four women were suffering from its bad effects, and as a result the future generation must suffer. In conclusion, Captain Canton said that for every man who died of overwork thousands died from want of work, and for every man who died from starvation thousands died of over-feeding. If people would only eat and drink moderately and reasonably, half the doctors might close their doors. It was a duty of every soldier to King and country to keep himself physically and mentally fit, so as to be able to go on active service at a moment's notice.

Lucky London Welsh.

The Welsh Rugby Union recently voted £100 to the London Welsh Rugby F.C., and the secretary was instructed to communicate with the secretary of the club to the effect that the Welsh Union appreciated the worthy manner in which they had upheld Welsh football in the Metropolis during the past season.

"Thank you very much for the Gold Medal, which I have received all right. I think it is a little gem, and I shall always feel proud of same."—FRED. HALLWELL (Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire).

READERS' CLUB.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—**One may Help Many.**

For the exchange of ideas, personal experiences and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto, and for services rendered the President will award to the sender of every published idea, experience or photo, the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

Most Funny.

Bedford.

SIR,—While sitting engrossed in your weekly magazine, my wife handed me the enclosed cutting, which she took from my child's comic paper. I think you will agree with me that it is most funny.

While writing to you, I must take this opportunity of telling you how much I enjoy reading your magazine, and appreciate your Developer.—Yours truly,

S. E. WATKIS.

Cured by Exercise.

Pontypool, Mon.

SIR,—Two years ago I was apprenticed to the baking and confectionery trade, but my health was so bad that I had to leave and try other work. I decided to try the cycle trade, but that again I had to leave through ill-health.

Some time later I was advised by a friend to try your Physical Culture system, and after a few weeks' exercise I began to improve greatly, and am very pleased to say I have not had a week's illness since.

A. H. BIRCH.

Physical Culture in South Africa.

Pretoria.

SIR,—I beg to submit to you a little of my experience as a student under Sandow's system. When I first started, it was under medical advice, because I was rheumatic, and had indigestion and heart trouble. This was about fifteen months ago. Well, I got one of your Developers, and a pair of Spring Grips, and I made a start. I was indeed surprised at the headway made. In a few months I began to put on muscle, and felt generally fit, and now I can say there is not a fitter or healthier man in the Transvaal. This I attribute to your system, combined with leaving tobacco, alcohol and drugs alone. When I feel a little out of sorts, I do a little exercise, have a bath, and then I am all right.

I have increased my strength nearly double what it was, and have made a few records, which were published in your magazine some time ago.

Pretoria is a great sporting town, and for the size of it is second to none in South Africa for good sports and sportsmen.

We have a Sandow School here, run by the Bros. Collards, who have done more than any other men here in Africa for Physical Culture.

W. McI. ROBINSON.

Better than Doctors.

Pentne-Ystrad, Glamorganshire.

SIR,—I have tried no less than six systems of Physical Culture, but at present I exercise every day on yours. The same chart as I had with the book is pinned on my bedroom wall confronting me on rising. My parents have had no need to call a physician to see me this last four years. This I attribute to carefully following the laws of nature and the systematic use of dumb-bells, etc. My present mode of living might interest your readers.

Rise at five. Exercise for 30 minutes at dumb-bells, clubs, and chest expander. Take a cup of Plasmon. Work at six. First meal at 8.30; next at 1.30. Home at five. Sometimes a meal at 6.30. Retire at 10.

I am a strict vegetarian, non-smoker, tee-totaler, and have not touched meat of any kind this five or six years.

Being a lover of fresh air, I always sleep with my bedroom window wide open in all weathers. I take a warm bath every day, and a cold one once a week.

T. EDGAR JONES.

Redruth.

DEAR SIR,—I am writing an experience of mine which I hope may be of benefit to some of your readers. It is now almost two years since I started Physical Culture with a pair of your Dumb-bells. Before starting, I was suffering from constipation, and medicine gave me only temporary relief, but after taking up your Dumb-bells I was completely cured. Shortly after, I had to leave my "digs." to go to others. I then

dropped my exercises (I am ashamed to say), although they were making me much stronger (and I was no weakling).

Some six months or more after, I was again troubled with the old complaint, and tried your Dumb-bells again. They did not relieve me, and when I took some medicine I did not get relief, but instead a severe headache. I then bought one of your Developers, and started to work with it, but it gave me no relief either. I then suddenly remembered one evening my father had warned me never to wear a belt, which I had been doing for some time. I wondered if that was causing the mischief, and decided to stop wearing it. I did so, at the same time taking up your exercises again, and within a week I was well as ever. I'm now in the best of health, and have made one "convert" in the foundry in which I am working, a chap in the same shop as myself.

H. E. BYRNE.

Southport Readers, Note!

Southport.

SIR,—I am sending you my experience of Physical Culture for your Readers' Club. I took up Physical Culture practice last Christmas, though I have had one or two tries before. What made me take it up seriously was that in trying to protect a young friend from a couple of roughs one night, I got badly knocked about. Ever since then I seemed to realise in what a bad condition I was, so I made up my mind to go in for Physical Culture; so I started, and after four months the result is most gratifying to me.

I have still a good bit to pull up, but with steady perseverance I hope to succeed. By the way, if there are any other Physical Culturists in sport that see my letter, I should like to hear from them, as I should like to try and form a Physical Culture Club here. I think that Physical Culture is sadly neglected here.

THOS. BATTERSBY.

Now a Physical Culture Instructor.

West Hartlepool.

SIR,—I have pleasure in sending you my experience of Physical Culture that it might prove a help and a lesson to the young ones.

I was pretty healthy and strong when I was at school, full of vigour, and took a great interest in all outside games, but when on leaving school to follow a sedentary life, I gave up all exercise for study, which, as you will know, pulled me down.

Then, on reading the experiences of others in your valuable mag., I found out my mistake, and took to your system, and am pleased to say am regaining my old powers.

F. JACKSON.

The Value of Boxing.

Blackley, Manchester.

SIR,—Being a constant reader of your magazine, and wishing to become a member of your "Readers' Club," I send an idea which I think would be of service to many of your readers if you think it worthy of publication, viz., posing as an aid to physical development.

The claims of posing as an aid to physical development are many, for it teaches us control of our muscles and concentration of mind. It is instructive, and gives rapid results, and is not monotonous. Concentration of mind is acknowledged to be the chief means of development, and posing cannot be done without concentration. This is the reason for the good and quick results obtained.

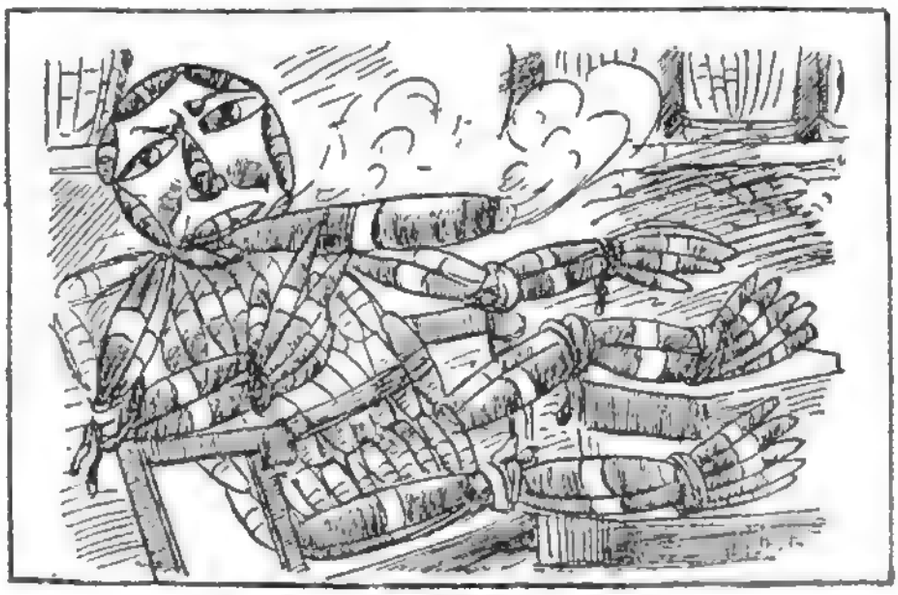
Stand before a mirror with a pair of Grip Dumb-bells in hand. Bring out muscles in any part of body, then relax and repeat as in ordinary exercise. At first take all parts of body separate, so that you will be able to concentrate your will in one direction. As you gain control of muscles you will be able to pose, showing muscles of all the front of the body at once. The poses of the back may be observed by an arrangement of two mirrors placed opposite.

This kind of exercise will also be of value to you who intend being photographed for reproduction, as it will teach you to show your body to its best advantage, and also enable you to choose a pose suited to your own particular style of development.

Find original poses if possible, as the old ones have been published so often that they are of little interest to other readers.

JOHN INGHAM.

[Mr. Ingham informs me that he will be pleased to correspond with and assist as far as he can any reader who writes him.—EDITOR.]



THE IDOL OF SMOKE.

The Moloch that ultimately consumes those who consume it.

WHERE FOOD IS CHEAP,

AND MONEY GOES A LONG WAY.

THERE is at least one part of the world where a man can get a good meal for a farthing. It is Morocco. For that sum he can obtain three eggs, and if judiciously laid out, the same sum will support him for a whole day. The purchasing power of money is really marvellous in some places. A one cent restaurant has been opened in New York, a halfpenny dinner is sold in Berlin, and threepence a day is the allowance at various boarding-houses in Paris, but these cannot be taken as the standard of living in these countries.

But we must go to more distant places for real economy. In Egypt a native has a large choice before him for the sum of a farthing. He can buy a liqueur, or a dish of fish or lentils.

Korea offers another sphere for emigration for families in pecuniary embarrassment. Here the fruits of the earth are abundant, and money is scarce and so bulky that it takes a pony to carry £3 worth of coins. It requires a very powerful man to keep in his pockets enough money to be extravagant, and burglars leave any coins they find severely alone and steal only valuables such as furniture or fireirons. Here the soldier receives 12s. 6d. a month, and on this often supports his family.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF A HALFPENNY.

A really cheap place, however, is the interior of China. The cavalryman, it is true, is paid as much as eight shillings a month, but of course on this he is expected to keep his horse, and, if it dies or knocks up, to replace it. On a halfpenny a man can not only indulge in senseless extravagance as regards food, but even get slightly intoxicated. It is a fact that the price of one first-class dinner at the Carlton Hotel would keep a man alive in the Far East for ten years!

Not long ago a tourist in a Chinese town started out with a halfpenny (or fourteen "cash") in his pocket. With this he visited a theatre or two, had a light but satisfying meal, subscribed to some of the local charities, paid his fare home, and on arriving there had still one cash change. Things are very much the same in Japan, where their food hardly "costs them more."

The prices shed a light on the fiscal question. The places where food is so cheap are also the poorest; the natural result of the cheapness is that labour is badly paid.

I was myself, says Hill Rowan, in the *Evening News*, in the Australian bush with a man who lived on five pounds a year, keeping a horse on this—or rather, I should say, by feeding it "on the run," in other words on the roadside. But it must be explained that this economical menage was achieved by making much of his own clothes—sometimes out of sacking—and augmenting his income by shooting game, accepting presents of that valuable so difficult to obtain in a mutton country—beef—and stealing sheep and poultry. The latter was, however, hardly necessary except for families of the most limited means, as sheep were sold in bad seasons at a shilling or two apiece, went down to sixpence once, and in an exceptionally bad year were actually given away to persons sufficiently industrious to drive them away, which was not easy in their emaciated condition.

Wherever we look we find low prices and poor incomes side by side—in Macedonia, where the average peasant family makes £10 a year, according to the consular returns; in Armenia, where judges are paid £2 10s. a month; in Siberia, where the priest receives about £30 a year, and for this conducts three services a day (the first at four in the morning); in Tunis, where the soldier's daily pay has lately been cut down from 3½d. to 2½d.

And yet they are not contented!

IN THE ARENA OF SPORT.

The Bridge, a well-known defensive position.

Fine Swim in Cold Water.

To get acclimatised to cold water, J. Wolffe, of the Amateur Swimming Club, who is now located at Brighton, and who will attempt to swim the Channel this summer, swam from Rottingdean to Brighton Aquarium. The sea was very rough (the boat was nearly swamped) and the temperature of the water as low as 46. There was a strong wind against him all the way, and the boatmen thought the task impossible. Wolffe was in the water two hours and ten minutes. He got out quite warm.

Two Star Light-Weights.

Not a little discussion has taken place recently in boxing centres over the fight between Battling Nelson and Terry McGovern, in which, although all in favour of the former during the six rounds it lasted, no verdict was given, as both men were on their feet. Nelson is still the light-weight champion, and I give (says "Straight Left" in *The Sporting Life*) his measurements, together with those of McGovern :—

Nelson.		McGovern.
5 ft. 5½ in.	Height	5 ft. 3½ in.
133 pounds	Weight	133 pounds
66 inches	Reach	65½ inches
15 inches	Neck	15½ inches
34½ inches	Normal chest	36 inches
37 inches	Expanded chest	39½ inches
31 inches	Waist	29¾ inches
12 inches	Biceps	13 inches
11½ inches	Fore arm	11½ inches
7¾ inches	Wrist	7½ inches
20 inches	Thigh	22½ inches
14 inches	Calf	14 inches
7 inches	Ankle	7 inches

Our Heaviest Footballer.

Bradford City have signed on William Foulke, the giant custodian of Chelsea, who weighs over 20 stone. Bradford City have been let down in goal ever since the disablement of Garvey early in the season, and were determined to get a first-class man. Foulke, whose wife has not removed from Sheffield, has been desirous of returning North, and applied for the place. The fee fixed by the League is a reasonable one. Foulke will live at Sheffield, and train as a rule with the United. Bradford will now have the largest and smallest Internationals in Foulke and Conrin.

Would get Record Gate.

A correspondent to *The Daily Mail* makes the suggestion that in future the competition for the Football Association Cup should take place on two main lines, Northern and Southern, as is now the case with the Amateur Cup.

There seems much to be said in favour of the reform. The chief difficulty, the present preponderance of Northern clubs, might be overcome by drawing the dividing line north of Derby, or, if necessary, to include Sheffield. There would always be the certainty of a Northern and a Southern club meeting in the final, with the consequence that the interest would be more widely distributed than in this year's final, in which two Northern clubs are left to settle the issue.

Our correspondent points out that when Tottenham Hotspur met Sheffield United in the final there was a record "gate" at the Crystal Palace, while in previous years, when Northern teams were pitted against each other, the attendance was much less. He adds that Southern spectators would be much more likely to flock to a final in which a Southern club figured than in the case of a contest between two Northern clubs.

Biscuit Town Bowlers.

The Reading Club, who have been greatly instrumental in forming the new association, anticipate a strong team of London bowlers, including Mr. Tom Robertson, president of the English B.A., and Mr. J. Gillespie, under Dr. W. G. Grace, at the opening of their—the Reading Club's—new green on May 2. The Northern-Strand rinks have received their finishing touch, and give promise of equalling their best greens in the country. The club have made a long list of fixtures, including London County, South London, Bounds Green, Muswell Hill, Southampton Town, Southampton County, and Reading Biscuit Factory.

CANON JEPHSON'S CRUSADE.

An Example that might be Followed.

IN these columns recently we reproduced a few extracts from a speech delivered by Canon Jephson at the Southwark Public Baths. We wrote Canon Jephson, in the hope of obtaining a full and complete report of his address on that occasion, and received the following reply:—

St. John's Vicarage, Walworth, S.E.

My Dear Sir,—For many years I have given a lecture at our baths (now made during winter into a public hall) on Physical Culture—popular, simple, and suited to a working-class area.

The Press have steadily ignored our work, and without the aid of "the fourth estate" we have got together such an audience which could hardly be equalled in London on such a topic.

The address I gave last week was from notes, and I fear is irrecoverable.

The lecture was illustrated by young men from the Borough Polytechnic Institute, and the wrestling by the members of the Olympic Club, held at St. John's Institute, Walworth. My lecture gave hints on *babies and baby feeding*, and the leaflet sent herewith was distributed.

Boys and girls: loose garments and brown bread.

Young men and young women: the necessity of air and bathing and exercise.

Middle-aged people: an onslaught on stewed tea and bolting food.

Old people and the quiet of age.

There were 1,200 present, and, judging by the fact that they all remained to the end of a two-hour programme, I think they enjoyed it.—Yours sincerely,

Arthur W. Jephson.

It is a pity that the general press cannot assist the worthy Canon in his commendable work. For our part we shall be always glad to place our columns at his disposal. The leaflet referred to gives so many valuable hints on the feeding and rearing of infants that we reproduce it in full.

General Directions—How to Feed and Bring up Infants.

(When a Medical Man is Called in, His Advice Alone Must be Followed.)

CLOTHING, AIR, AND CLEANLINESS.

1. Infants must be kept warm. The clothing should be flannel or woollen, fitting loosely to the body. They should wear high-necked frocks with long sleeves, and when old enough, stockings coming well up above the knees. Infants, well wrapped up, should be taken out into the open air whenever the weather is fine. They should be washed all over, at least once a day, with soap and warm water. The air of the room, especially the one in which the infant sleeps, should be kept as pure and sweet as possible by opening the window several times during the day, and by leaving the window slightly open at night. Air breathed over and over again is very injurious to young and tender children. No one but the father and mother should ever be allowed to sleep in the room with the infant, and, if possible, the child should sleep in a cot by itself. Do not make the bedroom the receptacle for lumber that should find place elsewhere, but keep the room as free of furniture and other articles as possible. Scrupulous cleanliness in all matters of child management is absolutely necessary if good health is to be maintained.

FOOD.

2. The mother, if she is fairly healthy, is the proper person to bring up the child, and if she has plenty of breast milk, the infant should not have any other food whatever until it is seven months old. If this rule were more often followed, many infant lives would be saved yearly in this parish, and the mothers themselves would be in better health. The infant should be suckled every two hours during the first month, and gradually less frequently until, at the end of the third month, it is suckled every

three hours. At night the infant, if sleeping, need not be suckled so often. It often happens that, although the mother is healthy, she has only a little breast milk; in that case the infant should have what milk is there, and, in addition, cow's milk and water, in the proportions recommended for infants, brought up on cow's milk alone. A superstition still exists that the two milks do not agree. It is a pure fallacy. When the mother has little milk, it is as well for her to drink a cupful of milk half an hour before suckling the infant. When a child is overfed it is sick, when underfed it is crying with hunger. Do not, however, feed it every time it cries, but keep as much as possible to the regular feeding periods. As a rule, the infant should be gradually weaned at the eighth or ninth month. Do not, on any account, give the child baked-flour, arrowroot, corn-flour, biscuits, or any so-called infant's food before it is seven months old, as a young infant has no power to digest such foods, and diarrhœa and other troubles are sure to arise. A mother should be careful what she herself takes during the suckling period. She simply requires plenty of plain and wholesome food. Stimulants are not necessary, and spirits are distinctly condemned.

3. When an infant has to be brought up by hand, it should be fed out of a bottle, with cow's milk and water warmed. Fresh cow's milk should be used. The milk should always be boiled immediately it is received into the house, not only to make it keep longer, but in order to kill any germs that may be present in the milk, and which may lower the health of the child. The water with which the milk is mixed must also be boiled.

4. *Diet of the Infant during the First Month.*—Mix half-a-pint of boiled fresh milk and one pint of boiled water, to which add a teaspoonful of powdered white sugar. Of this mixture three tablespoonsful should be given every two hours during the day, and every four hours during the night.

Diet during the Second Month.—Mix three-quarters of a pint of boiled milk and one pint of boiled water, with a teaspoonful of sugar. Of this mixture, five tablespoonsful should be given every two hours.

Diet during the Third Month.—Mix one pint of boiled milk and one pint of boiled water, to which add the sugar. Of this mixture, eight tablespoonsful should be given every three hours.

Diet from Three to Seven Months.—The strength of the mixture may be increased until two pints of boiled milk are added to one pint of boiled water. About eight tablespoonsful should be given at each meal.

Three tablespoonsful of cream, added to the daily quantity of milk and water before it is boiled for each period before stated, would make the food much more nutritious.

The quantities above recommended for mixing are for a twenty-four hours' supply, but it would be better to make half the quantity every twelve hours, in order to ensure its freshness.

5. Condensed milk may be given for a time if cow's milk disagrees, but even the best kinds of condensed milk are unsuitable as regular foods for infants. Cow's milk, if discontinued for a time, should be resumed again as soon as it can be borne. The kind known as condensed separated milk, or condensed skim milk, should never be used as food for infants. Children, when fed upon it, quickly waste away.

6. The best feeding-bottle to use is the old-fashioned boat-shaped kind, with simply an indiarubber teat, and without any tube. After each meal the bottle should be rinsed and placed in cold water, in which a little soda has been dissolved. On no account must the milk that remains in the feeding-bottle, after the child has been fed, be used again.

No other food, except under the advice of a medical man, should be given until the child is seven months old.

7. When the child has reached the age of seven months, it may have one or two meals of milk thickened with some "infant's food." The other meals should be of milk only. The amount of the foods used may be increased as the child grows older. At the age of eight months the child may have broth, or beef-tea, in addition to milk. At twelve months, the yolk of an egg, lightly boiled, or a little

milk pudding, may be given. At eighteen months give, every day, a little meat pounded to pulp, or a little potato and gravy.

8. Do not give an infant cheese, or beer, tea, or "just what the parents have."

Do not suckle the child longer than nine months.

Do not give infants teething powders or soothing syrups.

Do not use feeding-bottles with tubes, nor fail to well cleanse the bottle each time it is used.

Do not fail to search for, and remove, the cause of all foul smells in the house, and, if the assistance of the sanitary inspector is needed, take care and send for him.

Playing by Proxy.

B. P. and "Sporting Loafers."

Major-General Baden-Powell writes a vigorous letter to a correspondent on the modern tendency of sport.

"In reply to your questions," he says, "I do not, in the abstract, see any harm in young men going to look on at football matches on Saturday afternoons. But I do see great harm to themselves and to the nation in their paying other people to play their games for them, and in going in big drinking parties to have a gamble on a match on days when they should be working.

"I am the last to object to good, healthy English games played for the good of the players, but I do not like to see us gradually becoming a nation of onlookers at games, like the Romans had become immediately before that empire fell to pieces.

"As a nation we now spend more time in looking on at races, football, cricket, etc., and we have more unemployed and loafers in every walk of life than any other country.

"Though I am myself very fond of sport in almost every form, I quite realise that in many quarters, in all ranks of society in Great Britain, the importance of sport and games is becoming unduly exaggerated; it is carried to an excess at the expense of solid work."

Bad or Mad?

"The prison and the asylum should have a swing-door communicating," says one of the exponents of the views on the relation of pathology to crime, which prison reformers are now beginning to consider.

The formation of a society to make a scientific study of the subject is not a departure in this country. That is one of the main objects of the Medico-Legal Society of London, founded about three years ago, the president of which is Mr. Justice Walton.

Early this month Dr. Claye Shaw will discuss the subject of "Insanity and Murder."

Light-Weight Champions.

BETWEEN the adulteration of our food and the juggling with false weights, the poor consumer gets short shrift from the dishonest trader.

The Incorporated Society of Inspectors of Weights and Measures have been endeavouring to do away with the custom of weighing paper with goods, and supplying short weight in such necessaries as bread and coal. At a recent meeting of the society, Mr. C. Macdonald, of Glasgow, complained that no attempt had been made by legislation to remedy the most glaring omission from the weights and measures law. He gave the following illustration.

A person goes into a shop and orders, say, half a pound of tea. The shopman hands over a packet which has previously been made up, but does not weigh it in the presence of the purchaser. Payment is made and the purchaser leaves the shop with his tea.

Afterwards he finds that short weight has been supplied. He goes to the inspector of weights and measures for the district, who examines the packet, which bears no representation of weight by which the seller can be held responsible. The inspector then quietly informs the purchaser that the only thing he can do is to offer him his sympathy. He has no power to interfere.

Mr. Cooper (Hull) thought the public had more reason to complain of short measure than of short weight. In the sale of milk the irregularities were of a most glaring character.

Councillor Hunt (Birmingham) said that in that city a man was recently fined £60 for selling short weight of coal. The magistrate made an example of him. But they made a big mistake. They said, "Pay £60 and costs, or go to gaol for one month," and he chose the latter. (Laughter.) Continuing, Mr. Hunt remarked that thousands of small traders had been driven to dishonest practices by the competition of big syndicates. Under present conditions, this moral degradation would, he feared, spread throughout the country.

ARTICLETTES.

A Woman on Woman.

Every Woman Should be a Healthy Animal.

In the animal kingdom there is nothing higher than motherhood. In the human race there are many things higher. I am not belittling motherhood. Every normal woman should be a mother, and every woman should be a healthy animal and glory in it, but every human being should be something more. It is only by becoming an active member of human society that a woman can become a civilised human being.

We have been the domestic servants of man. We have thought that for the proper care of the world one great sex should be the slave of the other. Science has made colossal strides. The work of the household has been gradually taken away from us, and we are still clinging to the same old ideas. A carefully selected butler can take care of the house as well as a housekeeper. Teachers and physicians say mothers do not take the best care of their children. Ask an average mother where she studied the training of children. Usually she has not studied it at all, or only for a few months. Mothers do not give their children the best health or the best educations because they do not know how.

Is "Race Suicide" a Blessing?

The question of large or small families was recently dealt with in the columns of this magazine. Dr. Charles A. L. Reed, of the University of Cincinnati, has recently published an address on "The American Family," in which he makes the following strong statement:—"We see in a declining birth-rate only a natural and evolutional adjustment of race to environment—an adjustment that insures rather than menaces the perpetuation of our kind under favouring conditions." Thus he argues that "race suicide" may prove a blessing, since, as a matter of fact, it implies an intelligent regard for the rights and necessities of children rather than an aversion to motherhood.

If reduced to its last analysis, it does not indicate a loss, but rather a development, if not an actual exaltation of the maternal function. American women recognise, subconsciously, possibly, certainly not in definite terms, but they nevertheless recognise, the force of the law enunciated by Mr. Spencer that whatever conduces to the highest welfare of offspring must more and more establish itself, since children of inferior parents reared in inferior ways will ever be replaced by children of better parents reared in better ways.

A much greater danger, according to Dr. Reed, is over-population. As influences inimical to the American family (and the argument, of course, applies equally to the British family) he classes "everything that tends to the early and wide dispersion of its members," such as the development of residential schools, the rapid extension of far-reaching transportation facilities, the diversification of industries, the industrial employment of women, the formation of distinct industrial groups, the character of political parties, the popularisation of hotels and apartments for residential purposes, and, finally, the development of clubs for both men and women at the expense of the home.

"Simple-Lifers" in Chelsea.

A number of English ladies are now living the simple and strenuous life in rare old Chelsea, under the direction of Miss Elsa D'Esterre, principal of the School for Dames and Damsels, Little Danvers House, Danvers Street, Cheyne Walk.

Two years ago Miss D'Esterre submitted herself to a *regime* which combined hard study with the severest manual labour, and she has now opened an academy for the express purpose of introducing to her weary and neurotic sisters the method which has transformed her from a delicate woman to one of the healthiest specimens of womanhood to be found in or out of London.

NEW FORM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

From early morning until tea-time her "scholars" are treated to doses of English, French, and German literature, interspersed with song and dance, and instruction in the manifold branches of housewifery, disguised under the title of "physical culture and accomplishments." Miss D'Esterre's concept of physical culture consists in the performance of such useful tasks as the dusting of the furniture, a turn at the wash-tub, or the cleaning of the household brass!

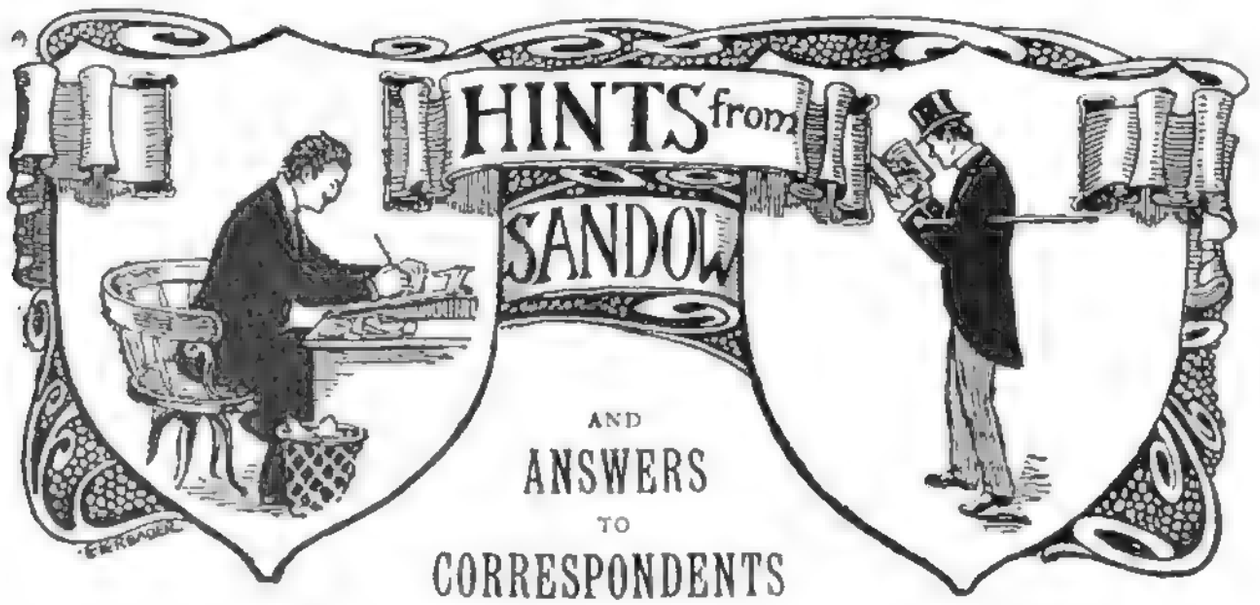
"Oh, yes!" she said to a Press representative, "the idea has caught on among well-to-do ladies, and during the first term, just drawn to a close, fifty damsels and dames have passed through my hands. My quarrel with English ladies is that those who are learned are so helpless with their hands, and those who are skilled with their hands are so unlearned. My efforts are directed towards adjusting the balance.

"Pupils, from seventeen years of age up to fifty come to me from all parts of London, and I have reason to think they have already discovered a new and inspiriting meaning in their daily life. What about myself? Well, I am an Irish woman, of German education, with an intense love for the English. During my seventeen years' residence in Germany, I learnt to think in the language of the Kaiser, and to study literature in a way that has since been of inestimable value to me.

A DAY IN THE SIMPLE LIFE.

"My day begins at five o'clock in the morning, and ends at midnight! And yet I never feel tired! I am a vegetarian—a pennyworth of potherbs will serve me for two or three days! I do all the work of the house myself, and spend the servants' wages on concerts, theatres, and new books. I frequently go out to dinners, deliver lectures, and book seats for a friend and myself to witness a new play. Change of air! I don't believe in it. All the air I need I can get on my doorstep in dear old Chelsea, long before the milkman starts on his rounds."

There is evidently more in the Simple Life than is dreamed of in the scoffer's philosophy.



Although I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, it must be remembered that space is limited, and I CANNOT *prescribe courses here. All communications relating to instruction by post should be addressed to me at* BASING HOUSE, BASINGHALL STREET, E.C., *and these will receive prompt attention. Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post*

Examination for Volunteers.

ANXIOUS (MATLOCK) says he was recently medically examined for the Volunteers, and the doctor informed him he could not join until he had had a variocele removed. (1) Wants to know cause of this trouble. Friends advise him not to undergo an operation, (2) and he doesn't know what to do. (3) Wants to know if there is any great pain or danger during or after the operation. Has purchased a suspensory bandage, and (4) wants to know if the wearing of this is advisable. (5) Wants to know if he can be cured by a natural Physical Culture method; (6) also if it is safe for him to "go in for" gymnastics and football.

Answer: Your medical man is the best judge as to the advisability of operation. (1) The trouble is very common and may be caused by a bad habit or by overstrain; (2) Operations at your age should be successful (and without danger); (3) Under the influence of an anæsthetic you would experience very little, if any, pain; (4) Yes; to prevent exaggeration of the trouble; (5) I am afraid not, as regards the swelling. There is one feature about this trouble, however and it is that it is usually a symptom of a more or less generally weak or debilitated conditio which would be benefited very greatly under a course of such carefully prescribed curative physical culture as you would receive from the Sandow Curative Treatment. Address, for full particulars, "Eugen Sandow," Dept. S., 17, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.; (6) Meantime, avoid too "risky" sports and games, as you might incur a serious strain.

Quality of Photo.

W. F. E. (HORNSEY RISE, N.) some time ago entered in this magazine's Gold Medal Photo. Competition, but his photos. were returned as too indistinct. He has somehow got it into his head that he cannot compete again.

Answer: Enter again and good luck to you. I do not now remember your development. Anyway, have your photo. or photos taken by a good photographer.

More than Mere Hints

Are necessary to enable those readers who are threatened with, or are actually suffering from, such serious ailments as lack of energy, nervous disorders, indigestion, anæmia, liver troubles, constipation, and other bodily derangements, to attain to the highest standard of health and strength.

In the re-building of a sound body and brain, strong and healthy in every part, it is absolutely necessary to success to remedy every weak spot, otherwise there is danger of its breakdown at some time of need.

There are thousands of even well-developed physical culturists with weak points, for it is quite easy to build muscle on a body not sound in every part—just as it is easy to paint an unsound bridge and make it look alright.

If you are conscious of being troubled with any of the ailments—even if the symptoms are only temporary—mentioned in first paragraph, you *should* be fully conscious of their existence as weak points in your constitution.

Given a proper understanding of yourself, you are in a position to make good those weak points.

Just how to do this—how to accomplish this in the surest and quickest and most effective way—is explained and illustrated in a book to which you, as a reader of this Magazine, are entitled to receive quite free of charge on written application to

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The Home of Apollinaris.

THE delectable table-water, which goes by the name of Apollinaris, comes from the Ahr Valley, close to the winding Rhine. The water obtained from this well is exceptionally rich in carbonic acid gas, a fact which makes it not only an excellent article for consumption by those in good health, but renders it a grateful and remedial agent to the great army of dyspeptics.

Something like 30 millions of bottles and jugs of Apollinaris are put on the market annually, and even the wine required for bottling has to be purchased in 10,000 kilo truck loads. A steam engine of 130 horse-power is required to work the machinery of the firm's works at Neuenahr, and the cork store alone represents the value of half a million marks, or about £25,000.

The land in the possession of the Apollinaris Company is nearly as large as half the town of Neuenahr itself, and its market includes the whole civilised world; in fact, there is scarcely a place where Apollinaris cannot be obtained under the glowing sun of the equator, or even in the Arctic regions—Apollinaris is always procurable.

On an average three ships are laden at Remagen weekly, each vessel having a capacity of 300 to 400 tons; some of these consignments go to Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and Antwerp, and part direct to London, and from these ports the despatch of Apollinaris water to all parts of the world takes place.

The well from which the water is taken is 50-ft. deep. It is necessary to use great caution in entering this building, as one step too near the spring might prove fatal; for all around the well an immense quantity of carbonic acid gas accumulates, and produces an atmosphere in which no living being can exist. A match or candle is at once extinguished, or a bird finding its way to this spot falls to the ground lifeless.

Whenever any work has to be carried on close to the spring itself it is absolutely necessary for the workmen to wear a diver's helmet, through which fresh air from above is supplied. The spring itself is covered with a receiver for collecting the carbonic acid gas that escapes.

The Key to Long Life Is a Golden one—Moderation.

The secret of long life is told by distinguished grand old men in the *Grand Magazine*. So far as it is permissible to generalise, it would appear that the rule is to be as much in the open air as possible, to eat and drink in moderation, remembering that a famous physician once remarked, "Most men dig their graves with their teeth," and not forgetting that it is worry that kills, a placid mind is to be cultivated, for, as Autolycus sings:

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

In considering the opinions here given, one by one, some striking facts are disclosed. Below we have summarised a few of the more remarkable sets of views:

Lord Gwydyr, born in 1810, says: I never touch tobacco. I am not a vegetarian. I attribute my longevity to non-smoking, with plenty of outdoor exercise and moderation in eating and drinking.

Earl Nelson, in his eighty-second year, says: I never smoke, but am no abstainer. . . . I avoid physic as much as possible.

Lord Grimthorpe, aged eighty-eight, has never used tobacco.

Sir William Huggins, President of the Royal Society, who will be eighty-one this year, takes very little meat, but has a milk diet; coffee, but no alcohol except a daily small dessertspoonful of good whiskey in cold water. He never uses tobacco. He takes three meals a day, and sleeps about nine hours.

Sir William Leece Drinkwater, who is over ninety-two, has never smoked or used tobacco in any form.

Several other well-known men are quoted.

With a single exception all the men have been, all their lives, exceedingly moderate, not to say abstemious, as regards both food and alcohol, while most of them have altogether eschewed tobacco, and all have gone in for a good deal of exercise.

Every good Sikh prefers to die upon the bare ground. Regardless of rank or age, no rug must intervene between him and the earth when he breathes his last.

Our Readers' Library.

Any of these Books can be obtained direct and by return post from Our Readers' Library Department, Sandow's Magazine, 131, Temple Chambers, E.C.

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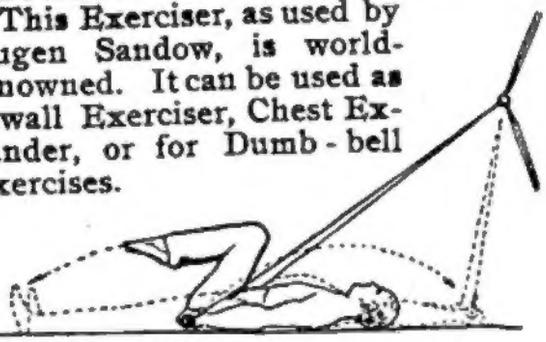

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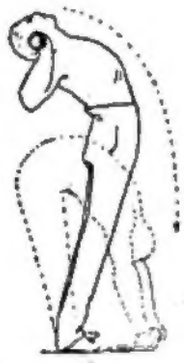

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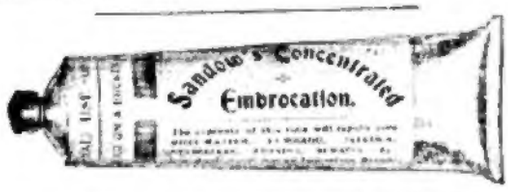

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